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DON SEBASTIAN;

OR,

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

J. M'CREERY, Printer,
Black-Horse-Court, Fleet-Street, London.

Isabella Baker

1810

DON SEBASTIAN;

OR,

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

AUTHOR OF THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

Take Physic, Pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
So shalt thou shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

KING LEAR.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1809.

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PREFACE.



THE name of Don Sebastian immediately recalls to every historical reader, a character, which youth, faults, virtues, and misfortunes, have rendered highly interesting: I selected such a one for my Hero, from the wish of shewing how “sweet are the uses of adversity.”

If I may be so fortunate as to instruct and to amuse at the same time, the utmost of my literary ambition will be gratified.

It has been my aim to keep as close to historical records, as was consistent with a work wherein imagination is allowed to make up for the deficiencies of actual tradition. In some places I have been obliged to antedate an event, and to mix other motives of action with such as were avowed by the persons then acting on the great theatre of Europe; but I have scrupulously avoided slandering the illustrious dead, and am not conscious of having materially altered any well-known portrait.

Some readers may be offended or wearied with the frequent use which I have made of religious tenets; to them I can only offer one apology;—I had no other way of reconciling the conduct of Catholic powers, with what I have been

obliged to suppose, their conviction of Don Sebastian's identity when he re-appeared at Venice; and as his chief calamity was the product of a bigotted attachment to the doctrines of Rome, I could scarcely make that calamity effect the necessary revolution in his general character, without changing also the nature of his religious opinions.

In my delineation of countries, manners, &c. I have endeavoured to give as faithful a picture as was possible to one who describes after the accounts of others; I consulted the voyages and tours of those days; so that the modern traveller, in journeying with me over Barbary, Persia, and Brazil, must recollect that he is beholding those countries as they appeared in the sixteenth century.

By accident, I met with an ancient work upon South America, in which was the following sentence: "twelve leagues southward from St. Salvador, appears the village of Cachoeira, formerly belonging to an unknown Portuguese, who took great pains in reforming the savage people Guaymures to a civil life." This hint suggested to me the idea of making the Portuguese, and my principal character, the same person.

I am told that there has been a novel written in French on the same story, which forms the ground work of mine, but I have not seen it. The materials with which I have worked, have been drawn from general history, accounts of particular periods, the Harleian Miscellany, and a curious old tract published in 1602,

containing the letters of Texere, De Castro, and others, with minute details of the conduct and sufferings of the mysterious personage concerning whom it treats.

• I trust the candid reader will excuse many defects in this romance, when he considers how long was the space of time to be filled up with events solely imaginary, and which it was indispensable so to occupy, as to unite facts and to give the whole the semblance of probability: he will reflect also how difficult it was for me to find any historical action of sufficient weight and brilliancy, with which I might have earlier concluded the adventures of Sebastian.

If my unpresuming work should disappoint the reader, he must suffer me to

assure him that neither diligence in obtaining information, and selecting circumstances, nor industry in using them, has been spared. I may fail from want of ability, but not from want of application.

August, 1809.

INTRODUCTION.

NEVER has the pen of history had to record a more affecting event, than that which bore the house of Braganza to another hemisphere: animated by a noble disdain of submitting to foreign despotism, and bravely placing his country, not in the land of Portugal, but in the hearts of her people, the Prince Regent conquered in adversity, and triumphed even at the moment of despair.

Like the pious Eneas, who snatched from the flames of Troy, his father and his household Gods, he hastened to save

some relics of Portugal; he hastened to embark his family and their adherents on board the national fleet; to launch with them on the hitherto untried deep, and to lead them under the protection of Great Britain, to found a new empire in a new world.

It was on the morning of the 29th of November, 1807, that these patriot emigrants quitted the bay of Lisbon; they looked back on their forsaken capital, with emotions too strong and too complicated for description: every individual had left behind him some aged, or infirm, or timid relative, whom it was agony to abandon, and whom he quitted with the conviction of never seeing again; the scenes of their childhood, their vineyards, and their cities, nay even the

shores of their native land, were never more to gladden their eyes !

A solemn pause had followed the noise and distraction of their embarkation ; Lisbon was motionless : profound stillness, like that silence which surrounds the death bed of a mother, rested within her walls : every heart felt its impression.

Advancing with majestic slowness down the Tagus, the Portuguese fleet crossed the bar, and entered between the lines formed by the navy of England : the canons of the two fleets answered each other ; the sounds, doubled and redoubled by numerous echoes, were prolonged after the smoke had cleared away, and discovered the ships of Portugal and of Britain mingled together on the Atlantic ocean.

Having exchanged gratulation and farewell with the Ambassador and the gallant Admiral of the friendly squadron, the Prince Regent gave a last, long look to Portugal, and forcibly tore himself from the deck of his vessel. In the cabin, he found part of the royal family yielding themselves up to regret and anxiety: he suffered them to weep without interruption, till the moment in which lamentation made a pause; he then took the united hands of his daughter, and of his nephew, the Prince of Spain, and pressing them within his own, held them with a look, serious, sad, yet collected.

“ Let us dry our tears, he said; let us bravely submit to our fate, and bless God for having allowed us to retain that which ennobles every situation—Free-

dom!—We go, my children, to seek a new world; to found there a new empire; it belongs to us to stamp the future character of an unborn nation:—May we feel the gratitude of such responsibility!—As our example shall persuade, as our authority shall impel, so will vice or virtue prevail in Trans-atlantic Portugal; her existence, her expansion, her dignity, her immortality, depend upon her princes and nobles. Be this truth engraven on your hearts! may its awful voice resound for ever in your ears, influencing your lives to the exercise of all the social duties.

Among the state treasures, I have preserved one most precious; 'tis the history of an illustrious ancestor, more unfortunate than ourselves, but for whom misfortune was a blessing.

We will read this MSS together; the style and the arrangement may offend a nice judgment, because they are the production of an humble pen; but the story itself is interesting, and the character of our ancestor may serve as an important lesson to ourselves: compose your spirits my dear children—listen to me with attention.”

While the Prince was speaking, he drew from his breast a large roll of written paper, and after such of his family, as were present, had seated themselves eagerly around him, he read in a voice somewhat agitated by late emotion, the following narrative.

DON SEBASTIAN,
OR
THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

CHAP. I.

ON the 12th of January, 1554, Juan, prince of Portugal, breathed his last, in the palace of Ribera, at Lisbon.

At that sad moment grief and dismay seized the hearts of his royal parents ; as they alternately clasped his senseless clay in their arms, and thought of all he had been, they almost forgot their hope of soon possessing a memorial of his fair-promising youth.

Ignorant of her husband's danger, his young consort had been removed to the

palace of Xabregas, in the suburbs ; there, while he was struggling between life and death, she was impatiently awaiting the hour which was to bless her with the first pledge of their happiness and their love. Under such circumstances the concealment of prince Juan's death became an act of necessity ; at least as it regarded the princess, whose life, and that of her unborn infant, would have been risked by a disclosure.

She was now tenderly deceived by all around her ; the King and Queen painfully dissembling their affliction visited her as usual, daily bringing with them little billets from their son, whose anxious love had early foreseen and provided against this trying occasion. He had left behind him several letters without dates, expressive of the fondest attachment, and pathetically lamenting the slow progress of his recovery, which alone kept him from her society : he had ordered these to be given her from time to time, until

she should have safely brought into the world another heir to the crown of Portugal: after that period deception was to cease.

Soothed by this sweet error the young princess yielded to the desire of her royal parents, that she should not attempt returning to Ribera before the birth of her child: she yielded with tears, but they were not tears of apprehension; she wept only because her situation denied her the tender office of watching her husband's returning health. Again and again she read his letters, again and again she dwelt on their blissful meeting, when she should have an infant to present him with: happily unconscious that the husband and the father, the young and beauteous prince, was laid at rest for ever, in the grave!

Lisbon became now a scene of hope and sorrow. Lamentations for one beloved prince was mixed with anxiety for the birth of another: solemn fasts were ordained, vows offered, pilgrimages under-

taken, processions made. On the eighth day after Juan's decease, at the dead of the night preceding the feast of St. Sebastian, all the religious orders in Portugal were seen headed by the archbishop, and cardinal Henry, walking in awful silence, barefooted and dejected, bearing in their hands mourning torches to light them on their way to the grand church of Bethlehem: there mass for the soul of their departed prince was celebrated, with all the pomp of that church which affects and overwhelms the heart by its powerful appeal to the senses. Images, relics, incense, music, all contributed to heighten pity and grief into madness: groans and prayers were for awhile the only sounds heard mingling with the wailing tones of the organ: at length even these ceased, and the priests and the people remained in silence prostrate before the host.

At that moment a shout from the multitude without, broke the solemn pause: the next instant this cry was heard—"a

Prince! a Prince is born!" The whole mass of suppliants started from the earth; the organ burst into a loud swell; the priests and the people joined their voices; and the dome of the cathedral rang with hymns and thanksgiving.

Thus in the midst of national hopes and fears was born the heir of Portugal. His grand-uncle, the cardinal Don Henry, soon afterwards named him Sebastian, in honor of the saint's day upon which he was given to their prayers; and then rejoicings and illuminations took place all over the kingdom.

When the princess Joanna's safety was thoroughly ascertained, the mournful task of preparing her to hear the account of her husband's death was undertaken by the Queen: she gradually presented less cheering letters from her son; till at length venturing to pronounce the fatal truth, she called upon the princess to live for her child and them. Joanna heard not these exhortations: she swooned re-

peatedly; reviving only to call, with frantic cries, upon him whose "ear was now stopped with dust."

From that hour no human effort availed to comfort her: scarcely sixteen, this heaviest of all mortal sorrows was the first suffering her heart had known: even her infant son, though she loved him to agony, failed to reanimate her hopes: as she held him in her arms she would bathe him in tears and think but the more of his father. A curtain of adamant had fallen between her and the world: she felt it; and fearful of being urged into new engagements hereafter, determined upon withdrawing to the sanctuary of a religious profession.

While the widowed princess was inwardly revolving how best to compass this melancholy desire, she was summoned into Spain by her brother Philip II. then just setting out for Flanders to negotiate his nuptials with Mary of England. By accepting the regency during

his absence, she hoped to find an opportunity for tranquillizing her mind previous to a renunciation of all sublunary ties; and trusted, that when far from the scene of past happiness and future anxiety—when removed from the afflicting pleasure of her infant's smiles, she might succeed in giving up her whole soul to Christ and God. Aware of the opposition which would be made to this resolution in Portugal, the princess confined it to her own breast; but while she took an affecting leave of the King and Queen, could not refrain from exclaiming—"O my parents! we shall never meet again." These words were at the time ascribed to the forebodings of a heart which believed itself breaking, but were afterwards remembered as proofs of a steadily pursued resolution.

From her child the youthful mother tore herself with difficulty: in the midst of its innocent endearments, she felt that all delightful emotions had not been buried with her husband. For the first time

her heart whispered that she was not utterly desolate, since she had yet something precious to relinquish.

Melted from her purpose, trembling, and bathed in tears, Joanna sunk upon a seat: "Ah, my child!" she exclaimed, straining it to her breast—"how can I leave thee to see thee no more?"

The King and Queen not venturing to speak, folded their arms around her: their tremulous, yet strong pressure, spoke a joyful hope of detaining her: at that instant she raised her eyes, overflowing with consent; but they fell on the picture of Juan drawn in his bridal habit. At this piercing sight, she shrieked, covered her face, wildly repeating—"O no, no; I shall but love him and lose him too."

Impressed with this sudden dread of living to witness the premature death of her son, the princess broke from every attempt to detain her, and hurried through the palace. Her retinue waited at the gates: she threw herself into a carriage,

and amidst guards and attendants left Portugal never to return.

A destroying angel seemed at this period to be commissioned for the affliction of that unhappy country. The death of prince Juan had been followed by the voluntary departure of his interesting widow; and regret for the last misfortune, was absorbed in grief for the loss of Louis, Duke de Beja, brother to the King: the King himself, sinking under sorrow and sickness, shortly afterwards terminated his exemplary life, leaving a monarch of three years old, whose long minority threatened many political calamities.

The Queen now unwillingly undertook the regency, a task imposed on her by her late husband. For awhile she administered the laws, and guided public measures, with a wise and impartial spirit: but at length wearied with groundless animadversions, she grew timid of her own counsels, and gladly transferred the

reins of government into the hands of cardinal Henry.

The new regent possessed much ability, and more integrity ; but he was a prelate of the church of Rome, and thought less of instructing his young sovereign in the art of governing well, than of teaching him to revēre and defend all the superstitions of popery. He confided him to the care of four preceptors : two of these were zealous Jesuits, and were charged with his spiritual education : the others were noblemen of distinguished reputation, who were to instruct their prince in history, philosophy, and moral exercises.

Don Alexes de Meneses, the first of these nobles, was allied to the Italian family of Medici, and had been nurtured at Florence, under their auspices, in the newly-discovered learning of the ancients : having a genius for active scenes, he devoured with avidity the works of their

historians and poets, while he coldly perused the peaceful theories of their philosophers. He came therefore to the task of education, with no other aim than that of making his pupil a conqueror.

His coadjutor, Gonzalez de Camera, facilitated this aim. He had served in the wars of Germany, under Sebastian's maternal grandfather, Charles V. and though no longer young, talked with youthful ardor of battles, and sieges, and victories. He failed not to paint every virtue in the justest colours; but when he spoke of those which brighten the crown of a hero, his language set his hearer in a blaze.

That rapid, that resistless eloquence, which rouses the passions and impels the will, was ever at his command: he could touch every spring of the human heart. Sebastian's soon learned to move solely at his direction.

From such governors the character of the young monarch received an impetus

which was fatal to its excellence. Nature had given him an excess of sensibility, requiring the rein rather than the spur; his virtues were of themselves too much inclined to tread a precipice: had he fallen into the hands of men of calmer feelings, and cooler heads, he might have risen with steady wing to the empyreal height of true glory: as it was, he became the prey of passion, and the slave of error.

Years now rolled away: Portugal gradually recovered from her domestic losses, and began to anticipate with eagerness the end of her young sovereign's minority: the regent himself panted for a more tranquil station; and Don Sebastian burned to seize the sceptre Providence had destined him to wield. At the age appointed by law, this was voluntarily resigned to him.

The young monarch's coronation was as magnificent as his spirit: all the riches of the new world, the gold of Mexico,

the diamonds of Brazil, the pearls of Ormutz, were displayed on the persons of the nobility. Their very horses, proudly pranced under housings of cloth of gold and precious stones.

As the long procession passed from the palace to the cathedral, crowds of spectators lining the streets and windows, easily distinguished their prince by the superior nobleness of his air. In the very flower of his youth Sebastian appeared mounted on a white Arabian, the trappings of which were studded with rubies: his own ornaments were few: the order of Christus, alone sparkled in brilliants upon his majestic chest; the rest of his dress merely displayed without seeking to decorate the symmetry of his figure. While passing one of his minister's houses, some ladies showered flowers upon him from a balcony: at this act of female gallantry, he checked his horse, and looking up, lifted off his hat. The air was immediately rent

with "Long live our King, Sebastian!" His enchanting smile, the still sweeter smile of his eyes, his animated complexion and ingenuous countenance, seemed to promise a character which intoxicated the people: they shouted again, when again smiling with as much gaiety as graciousness, he threw away his hat, and rode forward uncovered. From that moment he became their idol. Such is the effect of youth, beauty, and urbanity, in high stations!

At the gate of the cathedral, the cardinal Henry, attended by the archbishop of Lisbon, and the rest of the clergy, received the King: he was then conducted into the body of the church, where the three estates took the oaths of fidelity, and the crown was placed on his head. Immediately after, Sebastian went to the monastery, where his illustrious grandmother now lived retired, in order to receive her blessing, and to express a dutiful sense of her past kindness: he

then returned to his palace, where he directly assumed the functions of royalty.

The first acts of the young monarch's government were calculated to inspire the Portuguese: his administration of justice was so impartial, that not even those who suffered by this impartiality, ventured a complaint: neither friend nor enemy expected from him the least bias on their side. In his domestic relations he was generous and forgiving; but in his public character, inflexible. By presenting the court of judicature with a copy of the laws, abridged and transcribed by himself, he early informed his people that nothing was so valuable in his eyes as their rights.

Sebastian displayed much magnificence in his court, and infinite liberality in his gifts; yet, he was not censurable for extravagance. By giving splendor to his own appointments, he believed himself honoring the nation over which he reign-

ed; and by rewarding talents, he gratified a munificent spirit, while he secured important services to the community.

Impressed with an exalted notion of the *divine right* of Kings, he would not hear that authority questioned; though indeed, he prized absolute power, for the sake of being enabled by it to succour and to bless others. Too keenly alive to the impressions made by his tutors, some thirst for distinction as a warlike King, insensibly mixed with this laudable motive: religious prejudices united to stimulate him; and the voice of glory resounding from the depths of time, at once invited and commanded him to seize a crown of imperishable structure.

His head was soon filled by visions of future greatness, and his heart fired with holy zeal: he meditated the conquest and the conversion of half the globe. To conquer from the mere mania for dominion, was abhorrent even to him who felt that war would hereafter be his element;

but when he associated with the idea of conquest, the prospect of rescuing whole nations from "the shadow of death," from Mahometanism or Paganism, he gave way to military enthusiasm, and daily fired his fancy with plans of heroic enterprize.

Every thing with Sebastian was a passion: his friendships, his love for his people; nay, his religion itself; they were each, so many internal fires which sometimes blazed out, and desolated instead of cherishing. But as it is said, that the most fertile regions are to be found in the neighbourhood of volcanos, so the finest qualities were connected in Sebastian's nature, with a dangerous ardour. He would at any time have sacrificed his crown, his life, or what is dearer than life—his tenderest ties, "for the sake of adding one pulse breadth to Christendom;" he would have denied himself any gratification, if he believed it repre-

hensible in itself, or injurious to another ; he was at all times, and in all things, superior to *self* : his faults therefore, were the sole product of the age he lived in, and the education he had received ; had he been born two centuries later, how different might have been his character, how different his fate !

Embellished by many fine qualities, it was not wonderful that Sebastian, though tinged with imperiousness and impatience, should be generally idolized : his people knew him only as a benefactor, and they were not wise enough to foresee the evils which the rashness of his disposition might produce.

Amongst the nobility, he lived with the freedom of gay and ingenuous youth, trusting to the influence of his peculiar conduct for the preservation of their respect. He shared their amusements and other exercises, and without a single rebuke, purified their grosser habits, by his

temperate example. The spirit of Sebastian needed no effort to rise superior to every debasing pleasure.

As yet, he knew little of the female character; but he would have disdained himself had he believed his heart capable of loving the bondage even of love: he could enjoy the light of beauty without feeling its fire; and though courteous to all the ladies of his court, was particular to none.

Shunning delicate amusements, he affected those only which render the frame robust, and the spirit intrepid. By every bodily exercise he continued to accomplish his personal advantages, while he steadily fixed his eye upon the period in which those advantages of health and strength would become important.

The first object he meditated, was an expedition to Goa, from whence he might carry conquest and Christianity over the whole of India: but towards so remote a country, even his governors Camera and

Meneses, declared it would be madness to turn his arms; they exhorted him to weigh maturely the inadequacy of his present resources, and those evils which must result to Portugal from her sovereign's removal to such a distance: finally, they prevailed on him to defer all military projects till a few more years had given authority to his opinions.

Among the nobility by whom he was surrounded, Sebastian distinguished Antonio, prior of Crato; who, though an illegitimate son of the late Duke de Beja, was considered throughout Portugal as the King's acknowledged relation.

In conformity with the customs of those times, Antonio had taken the vow of celibacy, in order to qualify him for holding the rich priory of Crato, and the grand mastership of the knights of Malta: in other respects he possessed nothing of the priest. Nature had endowed him with an animating cheerfulness of disposition, to which every one resorted for pleasure: he

was liberal of his purse, liberal even to carelessness in his judgments; naturally indolent and indifferent in matters of importance; but capable of catching the fever of enthusiasm from another. This last quality gave him his influence over Sebastian.

The king was flattered by the appearance of having roused Antonio from a degrading apathy: for, indeed, except in the prior's attachment to him, he seemed devoid of any serious feeling. Every impression left by beauty, by accomplishments, by goodness, by wisdom, by affairs of the state or the church, passed off from his volatile mind, like sand drifted by the wind. He laughed and trifled with Sebastian, alternately delighted and provoked him, for ever beguiled him with the prospect of improvement, and for ever disappointed him: but it was this unsubstantial character which fixed him in Sebastian's heart. A character which received the best impressions with the

most seducing facility, yet never retained, and always lamented them, was expressly formed to excite partial solicitude. Antonio became by degrees his constant companion, his most intimate confidant, and and at length his chief counsellor.

The deaths of Meneses and Camera, which happened in the course of the same year, greatly affected Sebastian, although these events left him more freely to the bent of his own inclination: He could now renew his resolution of plunging into a religious war, without apprehension of being restrained by opinions to which he was used to yield. The habit of believing this resolution highly meritorious, had given some imperiousness to his mode of carrying it into execution; and he could not always conceal his disdain for such persons as represented that no zeal for general good, should make him risk the particular good of his own subjects. But towards Antonio, he turned with redoubled favor; for Antonio warmly

embraced the revived projects, offering to accompany him into Africa, a country now become the object of his contemplation.

The Moors, though driven out of Spain, still continued to increase in strength and dominion among the mountains of Barbary: they frequently attacked the fortresses belonging to Portugal, which remained to her upon their coast, and not only treated the prisoners made in these engagements with extreme rigour, but terrified or seduced some of them into the profession of their impious faith. Sebastian meditated the destruction of this growing power: he communicated his design to Antonio alone, who consented to become his companion in a secret excursion to the fortress of Tangier, from whence they might gather certain information of the nature and the resources of the Mauritanian states.

As it was the young king's wish to avoid controversy with his ministers, by

keeping the whole affair secret till he had reconnoitred Africa, Don Antonio was directed to make private arrangements for their conveyance beyond sea, while under the pretence of a hunting match, he should draw together all the young lords likely to embrace their enterprize.

Gallantly provided, those favorite nobles met their sovereign in the province of Algarve, where he disclosed his project of crossing over immediately into Africa. Smit with the phrensy of chevalric adventure, every one consented to embark their fates with those of their King; and rather to incur the chance of being taken prisoners by the Moors, than shrink from danger when it might lead to glory.

They set sail in a single vessel badly manned and worse armed; but to a band of rash young men, whose leader was still younger, and more adventurous than themselves, even hazard had charms.

After a short voyage, they landed safely at Tangier.

Sebastian was no sooner upon African ground, than he began to prosecute his enquiries with equal vigour and ability: he learnt the military force and resources of the Moors, their points of weakness and of strength, their system of war and of government, the nature of their troops, and the topography of their country; he ransomed several Christians who had long languished in slavery, and from their accounts of the Moorish princes began to hope that in their contests for supremacy, he might reap solid advantage.

Having thoroughly acquainted himself with these important subjects, the King hastened his re-embarkation: flushed with the conviction of being now able to bear down every cautionary suggestion of his counsellors, by arguments drawn from actual observation of the country he was going to invade. After a short absence

he set sail again with his followers for the shores of Portugal.

In mid sea they met and engaged a Turkish vessel. The Turk was greatly superior in size and force; but a band of brave spirits animated into heroes by the example of their King, were not to be conquered by common efforts, Sebastian fought like a roused lion; he fought for the first time; he fought for the lives and liberties of men whom his rashness had endangered; he fought too for honour, and he fought against infidels. After a long and fierce resistance, the Turk struck his flag, and Sebastian ordered the ensign of the cross, to take its place. His heart hailed an omen which promised victory over Mahomet.

Elated with conquest, the royal gal-
liot proceeded direct for Lisbon: as they
were entering the mouth of the Tagus, a
sudden storm arose, and for some hours
Sebastian beheld death approaching in a

more appalling shape than when dimly seen among the flashing of arms. But his courage did not desert him even then: nay, it shone with steadier brightness as the danger darkened. By remaining undismayed himself, he recalled the energies of others. Every effort and activity were exerted; and it proved ultimately successful: they rode out the storm in safety through a starless night, and the next morning were seen entering the Tagus in triumph with their prize.

The return of their beloved prince thus accompanied, circulated extreme joy throughout Lisbon:—in his safety and his conquest, the boyish imprudence of his conduct was forgotten, and exultation alone appeared on the faces of the Portuguese. But alas! this exultation was quickly swallowed up in horror; for the plague, which during the King's absence had appeared in several provinces, now broke out in the city, and swept away thousands with resistless fury.

Sebastian's strenuous exertions were applied to stop the progress of this calamity: he refused to abandon his capital, confidently reposing on the protection of heaven, while engaged in the performance of a duty. Often was this youthful father of his people seen passing from house to house, to witness the execution of the orders he issued for the relief of his suffering subjects: often was he seen to weep over domestic wounds, which not even the hand of a munificent prince could heal.

When the contagion had exhausted its rage, and the few remaining inhabitants awoke from their stupefaction, the King's safety became a miracle in their eyes: and Sebastian himself, recollecting his conquest over the infidel and the tempest, believed his life preserved for some admirable purpose.

It was with bitter regret that he now saw his African enterprize frustrated for awhile: his dominions wasted by sickness,

and enfeebled by terror, were not capable of affording him those supplies, necessary to success ; he therefore laid aside the plan, and went with his cousin Antonio, to recover from their fatigue and mortification among the romantic scenes of the prior's residence near Crato.

It was in this enchanting retreat that he was startled by a proposal from his first minister, for his marriage with a princess of France. Though Sebastian treated the idea of love (such as he saw it amongst his young courtiers,) with infinite scorn, and wondered how a man's heart could find room for any other passion than glory, he had at this moment a confused idea, that preference at least, was necessary to make the marriage yoke pleasant, or light. He hastily caught up the miniature of the lady (which had been sent with the proposal,) and looked earnestly at it : the next instant he threw it away, exclaiming with his usual impetuosity, " 'tis a peevish, *little-souled* face,

and I would not marry the original if she had all France for her dowry."

Antonio took up the picture, and eyed it with some admiration—"and pray my good, insensible cousin, he said, what wouldst thou have?—here is a very pretty neck, a skin like roses and lilies, a delicate mouth, tolerable eyes!—the princess is, I dare say, a charming little doll, with which a man might amuse himself very agreeably, when he had nothing else to do."

"But I shall always have something else to do, replied Sebastian, I cannot bear the thought of having a contemptible play-thing for a wife; yet I should despise myself were I ever to be fascinated by any woman into the servile bondage of love,—no; you must all wait *my* time: I shall marry some day; but I swear by Heaven, not before I have combatted the infidels on their own ground."

"That is a very foolish vow, observed Antonio, and I'd have you recal it."

“ Never ! exclaimed the King, never ! (and while he spoke, his eyes lightened with youthful ardour) you know my character Antonio; it is formed of tougher materials than yours, it does not easily bend even to necessity. Though our exhausted country now is fainting before us, she will revive, she will recover; and then, strong in a divine cause, conscious of no motive beyond the love of mankind, (whose bodies these accursed Mahometans torture in slavery, and whose souls they draw into everlasting perdition,) I will advance under the banner of the cross, confident of victory.—What is it I seek?—not dominion, not power, nor the mere name of conqueror? I combat for the *eternal* good of the human race: I pant after no earthly honour; except indeed the proud distinction of having extirpated the enemies of Christ.”

“ That is all, very admirable, and very true, my royal cousin, replied the prior, but as neither priests nor laymen

can pretend to read the will of Heaven, we must not be quite so confident of success, at least you should conceive the possibility of your being ordained, (which God forbid!) to fall in the very moment of triumph, purchasing with your blood the saintly distinction to which you aspire." The young King who was traversing the apartment, turned quickly round at this; transported with the dazzling thought his enthusiastic spirit blazed on his face; he looked at his cousin with rapture. "Such a death!—Antonio, would you not envy such a death?"

"Not in the least," replied the prior gaily, "you must excuse me if I pray for a very different end for us both.—But if *you* are bent upon thus expiring like the Phoenix amidst the cloves and cinnamon of glory, suffer me to remind you, that Portugal will then have reason to lament the princess of France's peevish countenance, and her monarch's imprudent vow."

Sebastian was struck with the observa-

tion: after a pause he said, "you are right; yet I am not inclined to retract. While I study the happiness of my people, surely it is not required of me to sacrifice my own?—Though at this instant, I could contentedly take the vow of celibacy to please them (if that were necessary for any good purpose,) I do not find in myself a disposition to embitter my domestic life merely for the sake of leaving them an heir to my crown.—I can imagine infinite happiness with a wife suited to my taste, consonant with my principles, and capable of catching some of my own wild-fire; and I feel a jealous something in my breast—call it pride, call it delicacy, what you will, but it is a sentiment of abhorrence at the thought of cherishing a woman who would have consented to fill the arms of any other King that might have sat on the throne of Portugal.—For this reason I cannot, I will not marry one to whom I am personally unknown—this is my determination, car-

ry it to Alcoçava, and let him manage the refusal with the customary decorum.”

After a little good-humoured raillery, Antonio prepared to set out for Lisbon, and the King, without suffering any one to attend him, mounted a horse and rode forth.

His spirit was disturbed by that prevalent anxiety for his marriage, which his ministry had urged in support of their late proposal ; and it was saddened by the small prospect there was, of his being speedily able to realize the darling wish that had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Disinterested as he firmly believed himself, and purely actuated by zeal for the holy faith, yet he could not conceal from his own conscience, that a boundless ambition of fame, had its share in regretting the delay of his purposed expedition : the enfeebled state of his dominions had prevented him from contributing any assis-

tance to the grand coalition then forming against the Turks—and the splendid success of that coalition, deepened his chagrin. The victory of Lepanto haunted his nightly dreams; he secretly repined at the thick laurels of Don John of Austria; painfully contrasting that young admiral's achievements, with his own blighted and withering hopes.

Wearied with thought and motion, Sebastian threw himself off his horse in a solitary spot surrounded by hills, and suffering him to graze at will, cast himself along under a shade of cork trees; there he mused over ten thousand new prospects of vain and impracticable enterprize.

The sultry air was cooled and perfumed by the breathing of aromatic plants, kept in all the greenness of spring, by several rills which trickled almost unseen beneath them; not a breeze stirred the leaves of the cork trees, and the very birds were silent: the only sound to be

heard throughout the valley, was the lulling murmur of bees coming to feed upon the flowers. A steady heat glowed in the air : Sebastian cast aside his mantle and his hat, and pushed away the hair from his forehead ; all the summer burned upon his cheek, but a hotter fire, the fever of impatience was in his heart.—By degrees the enervating warmth overpowered him, and he sunk into sleep.

He had not reposed long, when his slumbers were dispersed by the sound of steps and a voice ; he opened his eyes ; at that instant a goat twisted with flowers, and dragging along a half finished garland, bounded past with a suddenness which made the King start up.—The wanton animal was swiftly followed by a young virgin, who stopt confounded at sight of a man : part of her veil was off, and filled with the flowers she had been employed in arranging, and a profusion of bright golden hair, picturesquely disordered by the heat and the pursuit, was

scattered on a neck that sparkled in the sun like alabaster. The eagerness of her feelings had heightened the lustre of her beauty to such perfection, that Sebastian almost believed the object before him a celestial vision. The blue glory of her eyes, the glittering bloom of her complexion, the gracefulness of her attitude, and the animation of her whole person, gave him for the first time in his life a complete idea of female charms.

Abashed and surprised by an exclamation which escaped him, the fair stranger turned blushing away, hastily endeavouring to cover herself with her veil.

Sebastian pointed to the goat now trailing his fantastic trappings along the ridge of a steep height—"You will not go, fair creature! he said, till you have given me permission to attempt the recovery of yon runaway?"

Fresh beauty was diffused over the exquisite features of the lady, while she willingly essayed to thank him: "I have

imprudently ventured too far beyond my father's park, she added, or you would not see me thus unattended sir. I ought not to remain here with a stranger perhaps, but your countenance insures me respect, and I think, I hope, I am not wrong in accepting your services!"

The King now led her to the shade, where she seated herself, while he ascended a neighbouring hill, and soon returned with the goat: at the playful chiding of its lovely mistress, the little animal lay down in seeming penitence beside her, suffering Sebastian to caress, and hold it prisoner. The panting fatigue of Donna Gonsalva, and the peculiar freshness of the air in the valley, afforded him a plausible excuse for seeking to detain her: Gonsalva herself, flattered with the admiration she inspired, was in no haste to recover. She was struck with the noble air of her companion, and felt some womanish curiosity about his name and rank: but Sebastian, desirous of concealing him-

self, without anticipating any further acquaintance, avoided her questions. He found from her own account, that she was the only daughter of the count Vimiosa, (his envoy at the court of France,) and was then inhabiting the family mansion, under the protection of a maiden aunt.

An abundance of enchanting gaiety led Gonsalva into unreserved conversation: she rallied the King upon the solitude in which she had found him, and with arch *naiveté* told him she should never in future address her saint without remembering to pray for the *gallant solitary*. “But by what name shall I pray for him?” asked she, rising to depart: the King hesitated; as he was born upon the eve of the joint feast of two Saints, he believed himself entitled to the name of either, so bid her remember him by the title of Don Fabian.

Donna Gonsalva repeated the words. “I shall not forget you; said she, re-

member me, when you look at this flower, that will be just five minutes, for it is withering now." She threw him a lily out of her bosom with a smile of such magic beauty, that Sebastian could not refrain from snatching the fair hand which dropped the flower, and printing it lightly with a kiss. Gonsalva drew away her hand in displeasure. Would she have done so, had she known that this was the first kiss those lips had given to beauty, and that it was the King of Portugal who gave it?

She disappeared the next moment, leaving Sebastian endeavouring to rally himself upon so unusual an impulse of gallantry.

The beautiful Portuguese had successfully dispersed the young monarch's gloom; it did not return: he loitered awhile longer in the scene where he had beheld her, then seeking his horse, returned to Crato.

C H A P. II.

AS Antonio had business to transact for the King with his cabinet, he did not return immediately from Lisbon, and Sebastian having visited him without any of his favorite Lords, was now thrown principally upon his own resources for amusement. The weather was too hot for hunting or tennis, reading stirred his ardent spirit too violently, and he was not in the mood for general society; the next day therefore, he naturally thought of the last day's agreeable adventure: without absolutely proposing to do so, he rode out again unattended.

On reaching the pass leading into the valley, he left his horse in charge with a goatherd who was stationed there to watch some flocks, and pursued his way on foot. The heat was moderated by a slight shower which had refreshed the verdant land-

scape, and now the birds sung from every copse: but the scene wanted the presence of Gonsalva; she was not there. Sebastian mechanically followed the track he had seen her take, and descending the opposite side of a steep hill, saw stretched out before him, a luxuriant and extensive vale, in which the villa and domain of Vimiosa, were nobly conspicuous.

Proceeding through a thicket of evergreen oaks, the King soon found himself in a labyrinth of walks; he chose one at a venture, and fortune destined it should lead him to the entrance of a bower, where stood the fair subject of his thoughts, occupied in reading a letter.

At sight of him, roseate blushes succeeded by entrancing smiles, passed over her face. "Don Fabian!" she exclaimed, "for Heaven's sake what brings you here?"

The question was unlucky, as it was the only one perhaps, which the King could not answer satisfactorily to himself,

he looked at her, hesitated, felt embarrassed, and at length said timidly, "to ask forgiveness I believe, for the fault I committed yesterday."

Donna Gonsalva now remembered that she had left him in anger. "So then, you have the boldness to encrease that fault by following me into a place, where if you were to be seen, it might cost you your life; me, my reputation and peace of mind!—for pity's sake, do not stay here—I expect—I expect one of my relations every instant—should he see you—a stranger——go, for Heaven's sake go!"—As the beautiful Portuguese spoke, she unconsciously grasped his arm with her hand, and impelled him towards the mountains.

Sebastian's heart, for the first moment in his life, throbbed with a tender emotion, nearly a-kin to love: he understood nothing in this speech but a desire for his preservation; and he knew himself unknown: It was not the King of Portugal

then, but an obscure stranger, whom the daughter of the count Vimiosa was thus solicitous to save. “ Ah, charming Gonsalva,” he cried with an air of mental intoxication, “ if you are as amiable as you appear, the wishes of”——my people, he was going to add, but checking the indiscreet expression, he finished the sentence with a sigh.

An excess of pleasure brightened the beauty of Gonsalva ; she averted her eyes to conceal it, while she repeated an intreaty that he would consider the impropriety of her being discovered in conversation with a young nobleman unknown to her family. Sebastian still lingered : “ you must not refuse me another meeting !”——he said ; and he said it with the air of a man to whom command is habitual, and refusal a novelty.

“ I must not !” repeated Gonsalva, laughing, “ do you remember, Don Fabian, that you are speaking to a woman——and that woman the daughter of the count

Vimiosa?—our sex are not accustomed to yield, even the slightest favors, at the mere expression of an ardent wish; we must be sued to submissively.”

“Submission is my abhorrence!” exclaimed the young monarch with vivacity, “I feel now, and for the first time in my life, that I can admire, I can prize, I can love, perhaps; but you must not expect me to renounce equality with the object. I must have heart for heart, I must excite as many tender apprehensions as I feel, or”—

“And who are you, that can never speak without an *I must* :” exclaimed Gonsalva, laughing excessively—but I have not time to hear your answer, leave me I say—we may perhaps meet again, and then—I hear footsteps—farewell count.”—She turned abruptly into a side path, and Sebastian desirous of remaining unknown, hastened out of the domain.

He was no sooner at a distance from the villa Vimiosa, than he began to muse

over the confession of admiration into which he had been hurried, and to dwell with extreme pleasure on the concluding words of Gonsalva, as they certainly intimated a wish to see him again. In less than an hour, a complete set of new ideas had taken possession of his mind: the conversation with Don Antonio, and the wish of his people, blending with the image of Donna Gonsalva, awakened in his bosom an emotion hitherto unknown; but an emotion too sweet and subtle for rejection. The adventure itself had the charm of novelty; as for the first time in his life he beheld a young and lovely woman, who so far from dreaming of his rank, believed herself his superior. Amongst the ladies of the court he had seen beauty, but it was beauty divested of its most touching graces, the play of innocent freedom: he had never met with one who did not appear emulous to attract the King's notice; and as he possessed too much delicacy to bear the thought

of owing any thing to an exalted station, he despised and avoided their homage.

Occupied solely with the romantic reveries of an amiable, though erring ambition, he had hitherto felt without reasoning upon the subject, that he had no time for love; conscious that whenever he yielded to that sentiment it would influence his happiness entirely. Here, now, was the only opportunity that might ever present itself for acquiring a female heart, without the hateful aid of royalty; here was an opportunity of gratifying his people without mortifying his own feelings. The prospect of arms and victories, no longer filled the void of his capacious soul, and how could he better console himself for this, than by trying to accommodate his private inclinations with those of his subjects?

The extreme beauty and graceful gaiety of Donna Gonsalva delighted the senses of Sebastian; he hoped to find her equally charming in mind and heart: above all he

passionately desired to make her love him. With the imperiousness of a King, he resolved to reign absolute over her affections, to have his power avowed and submitted to, or not to reign at all: he determined to be preferred as Don Fabian, before he should be known as Sebastian. Every thing promised success to this romantic resolution; and the more he reflected on it the more he was confirmed in the intention of concealing his real rank from Gonsalva; as she lived much secluded, and at some miles distance from Crato, discovery was unlikely, besides which, the clandestine nature of their intercourse rendered enquiries on her part almost impossible.

Satisfied with these mental arrangements, the King rode gaily home, forgetful of the foolish vow he had taken; treading lightly on the delightful precincts of Love, whose first prospects are like "the opening of Heaven's everlasting gates, on golden hinges turning."—

He finished the day amongst his young nobles, with uncommon animation.

The prior of Crato was expected the next morning: Sebastian saw day dawn, after passing a night of sweet wakefulness, during which the image of Donna Gonsalva had floated perpetually before him. Eager to behold her in reality, ere the return of his cousin, the King withdrew early from his attending lords, and took the road to Vimiosa.

As he was proceeding to enter the path through the thicket, he saw Gonsalva at a distance, in another part of the domain, walking on a terrace, cut on the side of a hill, that overlooked the house; he hastened thither, but perceiving that she had a female companion, retreated and placed himself under the boughs of a tree. The ladies turned, and walked towards him: as they approached, his heart beat with an anxiety that surprized himself; *if Gonsalva should not see him!* he shook the branches of the tree with a trembling

hand, at which she started and put aside her veil. The same bright glow of pleasure irradiated her effulgent beauty, the same smile that had charmed away the reason of Sebastian, again transported him; but she dropped her veil, and passed on without speaking.

After taking several turns together, the ladies separated: the aunt of Gonsalva descended a flight of steps over which the trees hung so thick, as soon to exclude her from sight, while her fair niece at first advanced towards the grove which concealed Sebastian, and then capriciously struck into a path sloping directly from him.

The impetuous monarch disturbed at the thought of her departure, sprang forward, intreating that she would stay. Gonsalva half turned round—"So, you are here again my good friend?"—she said, in a tone of careless gaiety which her sparkling looks contradicted,—are you come to teach me another lesson out of

your new catechism of female subjection?—let me tell you that air of authority that you have, is abominably provoking, and I should like vastly to break its neck: one grain of humility would make you—not absolutely hateful.

“ You shall find me humbler to you, than to any other being in the world; replied Sebastian smiling, if you will but strive to think of me with tenderness.” Gonsalva laughed. “ What a pleasant madman chance has introduced me to!—upon what do you ground these extravagant pretensions? pretensions too, so insolently urged! did you never read the Spanish author, who calls *Love, that courteous affront offered to beauty?*—prithee con over his definition and profit by it. Think of you with tenderness! why, my presumptuous friend, if I think of you at all in any way 'tis more than you should expect. Think of you with tenderness, when all I know of you is that you have a tolerable figure, which

sillier women than myself may have persuaded you is irresistible!—A potentate could not woo with more authority.”

The accidentally penetrating glance of her eyes while speaking these words, so confounded Sebastian, that it made the blood mantle on his cheeks, she laughed again. “Come, this is the colouring of penitence, so I must not chide you any more. Never let me hear a presumptuous word breathed, consent to be docile as a lamb, and I may condescend to be so much interested in you as to ask you, who you are? whence you come! and whither you go?”

During this discourse Donna Gonsalva had entered a path leading off the terrace, and they were now advancing through an olive plantation which effectually secured them from observation. Sebastian was encouraged by her arch freedom: “Whence I come, and whither I go, fair Gonsalva, he said, matters not; what I am, you shall know. I am a soldier: one

that hitherto had no other passion than glory ; one that never yet bowed either heart or knee to beauty. If you see honour and honesty in my countenance, believe me when I swear that neither my rank nor fortune are unworthy of the count Vimiosa's heiress : but ask me no further ; imperious circumstances render me mysterious. Suffer me to see you, suffer me to attempt winning *your* heart, and losing *my own*, and then,"—" O ye saints ! interrupted Gonsalva, what excess of gallantry ! So—you have not *lost your* heart yet ! but wait most obsequiously for the surrender of mine ! I protest count, or duke, or whatever you are, you have a very taking way of making love ! This cloven foot of arbitrary insolence is for ever shewing itself : I have a shrewd notion you are one of our young King's attendants, and have caught his character ?" "And what is the King's character ?" asked Sebastian smiling. "An excellent one for a King, doubtless, replied Gonsalva. He

thinks of nothing but rule and dominion, breathes nothing but war and devastation, and would fancy himself *un-kinged* if he were to yield an *iota* to a woman. All the court ladies love him mortally, and hate him mortally: they are charmed by his accomplishments, but piqued at his coldness. I have heard some of them say so repeatedly. Give him the world to reign over, and he would not care if there was not a woman in it."

Sebastian did not reply: he was momentarily lost in rumination upon the injustice done to his actions by mistaking their motives. It was evident that Gonsalva had learned his character from report, and spoke therefore the prevailing opinion. After a pause he said, "I have been told that Don Sebastian young as he is, cannot be justly taxed with a thirst for mere power; he is *said* to be actuated by zeal for our holy faith."

"*You know* it perhaps?" rejoined Gonsalva playfully. Come, come, confess

that you are one of his court. I hear his majesty is at Crato with Don Antonio, and of course some of his lords must be in attendance on him."

"Well then, replied Sebastian, I may frankly own that I came with the King, and must return with him to Lisbon. My visits here are secret; Don Sebastian has always expressed such disdain at lovers, that if he knew me capable of humbling myself to such a merciless tyrant as your fair self, I fear he would blush for my altered sentiments. Allow me to hope, charming Gonsalva, that you will permit me to see you here again at this hour to-morrow? The King will soon return to Lisbon, and then I shall see you no more."

Sebastian pronounced the last words with a sigh, and anxiously looked on the heavenly features of Gonsalva for an expression of answering regret: those heavenly features were as usual brilliant with delight; her heart did not appear touch-

ed by the intimation of this separation. “Do you see that tower yonder? she asked, pointing to a part of the house which rose above some trees—my apartments are there: under the tower-window passes a neglected path half choaked with shrubs, where if you chuse to ramble and take the chance of seeing me, and being noticed, I shall not command you away. A short excursion by moonlight will do you no harm: but mark me—no serenading.”

“Then it is at night I am to expect the happiness of seeing you?”

“Have I not told you, not to *expect* anything? if you won't consent to take even trifles as unlooked-for favors, you will lose my friendship. I *will* be absolute in my way; a very counterpart of your royal master. Fare you well, Don Fabian, if you should miss seeing me at my window, take this as a complete adieu: and, do you hear, when you return to Lisbon, do set about curing both your-

self and the King, of your abominable insolence."

Away flew the volatile beauty with the grace of a nymph, leaving Sebastian pierced with pains which he dreaded to analyze; too certain they were occasioned by her seeming indifference. Something like resentment swelled his proud heart as he recalled the tenderness of his parting manner, and the carelessness of hers: he felt as if he had been duped; and execrated himself for having yielded even momentarily to a weakness which had thus sunk him into the play-thing of a coquet. To have gained gently upon her affections, and fanned an infant fire with the softest breath of respectful love, had been the aim of his wishes; but to worship an idol without a heart, feed an inhuman deity with groans and tears, to dote on what he could not esteem, was a meanness he scorned.

"You *have* seen me for the last time, insensible Gonsalva!" he exclaimed, as

turning from the view of the tower, he rushed towards the mountains.

Vexed at himself, and irritated with disappointment, he rode to Crato in a mood that clouded his physiognomy. The prior was waiting his return: Sebastian scarcely noticing him, seized a bundle of dispatches sent from one of his ministers, and began to read them eagerly. Don Antonio ventured a jocular remark upon his disturbed countenance.

“ I am in an ill-humour cousin, replied the King, in a rage at my own conduct; and at this moment could tear up the roots of earth itself.”—Antonio expressed some astonishment and more curiosity: Sebastian declined satisfying it, adding, “ I have quite enough to bear, cousin, when I have my own contempt to encounter, without seeking the addition of yours. Let this squall of temper have its way—for heaven’s sake talk with me of business, news, nonsense, any thing—

change the current of my thoughts if possible.—What said Alcoçava and the cardinal to my refusal of the Frenchwoman?”

“Since you require me to change the current of your thoughts, and thus lead to the subject of love and marriage, I may conclude the mischief-making God has had no hand in raising the present storm?”—Don Antonio spoke this with a forced smile, and not without hesitation; yet he fixed his eyes earnestly upon those of his cousin: the ingenuous countenance of the latter was immediately crimsoned over; he turned away, uttering an exclamation of contempt, coupled with the idea of love, and abruptly entered on another topic. The prior surprized and disturbed, appeared somewhat hurt at the King’s reserve, for he became thoughtful, and supported conversation with less spirit than was usual with him; but at length this mutual restraint wore off, and the remainder of the day was spent in all the freedom of friendship.

Sebastian’s resolution to avoid Gonsalva,

lasted rather longer than his indignation. By degrees the flattering parts of her manner came oftener to his memory than those gay airs of indifference which had mortified his too sanguine nature: the agitating blush, the hope-awakening smile haunted his day-dreams; sometimes he saw her in the visions of the night, yielding him one of those tresses like the morn," which shaded her ivory neck, and half-averting a cheek now glowing with the sensibility of a melting heart.—He awoke, but the seducing image still swam before him.

Sebastian then revolved the probability of his having judged hastily and harshly: delicacy alone, or love distrustful of its empire, might have dictated that sprightly carelessness which had shocked him: though she had said they might not meet again, she did not perhaps think so, nor mean him to seek for her in vain at her window; would it not be well then, to make another essay to observe the effect of his absence? the youthful lover decided in the affirmative.

Being unexpectedly summoned by state affairs to his capital, he determined to make a last trial of Gonsalva's sentiments, by visiting her on the night before his departure. When that night came, he excused himself from the amusements of his courtiers, and leaving Don Antonio chained down to a game of chess, he glided away unobserved, and was soon conveyed by his swiftest horse to the domain of Vimiosa.

A soft moonlight distinctly discovered the spot to which Gonsalva had directed him six days before. He saw the steep romantic bank shading the road towards which he now turned his steps: as he trod it lightly, the smell of orange flowers and wild thyme, came mingling from the hills and the gardens. While his eyes were fixed on the windows of the tower, where perhaps Gonsalva slept, some low tender sounds caught his ear: he listened, but they had ceased; the next moment they returned again; drawing gently nearer he found they proceeded from a lute which some one

was touching at intervals with an unsteady hand, another pause succeeded: he stood still, and scarcely respired; for now the voice of Gonsalva was heard singing this canzonet.

“Hast thou, a sleepless pillow prest,
And vainly, vainly sought for rest?
Ah! say, have sighs and tears confess’d
That love was kindling in thy breast?

Alas! if not, why dost thou fly
To haunt my gate, my path, mine eye,
Still looking as thou wanderest nigh
A world of fond idolatry?

O cease, if vanity should be
The only aim that leads to me;
O cease, while yet my heart is free
From hope, and fear, and love, and thee!”

Rapt, enchanted, Sebastian stood listening to this celestial voice: its thrilling tones revolving in continual sweetness but endless variety, were like the melodious warblings of a nightingale. The serene Heavens, the resplendent moonlight, the

fragrance of the earth, the transport and the gratitude of his own heart, all conspired to heighten its magical effect. Donna Gonsalva had evidently chosen this song because it pourtrayed a situation like her own ; this thought finished the intoxication of Sebastian, and he vehemently exclaimed, " Angel !"

At this expression, Gonsalva dropped her lute, and flying forward, uttered a cry of pleasure. " Ah, is it you, ungrateful Fabian !" she cried : her beauty and her emotion completed the conquest over her sovereign. She was without a veil, and he now beheld for the first time, all the charms of that matchless face : traces of tears were on it.

Scarcely conscious of the extreme joy he betrayed, the king uttered a passionate expression at this visible mark of sensibility ; and forcing his way up the bank through shrubs and roots of trees, got sufficiently near the object of his tenderness to kiss her hand from the window,

The night breeze blowing among his fine hair, and the moon beams falling on his white forehead, gave lustre and animation to the noblest countenance that ever yet united sublimity with beauty: Donna Gonsalva evidently beheld him with admiration.

Endeavouring to recover from the effects of her surprize, she attempted to answer his ardent assurances of repentance and gratitude, by light railleries: She acknowledged that she had been in tears, but would not confess that his absence was their cause: Sometimes she spoke in a tone of touching sensibility, then suddenly flew off into sallies of gaiety: her air and her words were at variance. Sebastian, though little skilled in the science of woman's heart, could not help perceiving the whimsical inconsistencies of Gonsalva: while her voice fluttered, her complexion glowed, her eyes sparkled, she persisted in assuring him that he had never once entered her thoughts since

they parted, and that even now, if his ridiculous speeches did not amuse her excessively, she would not stay a second moment at the window.

It was, in vain she asserted this: the delighted lover assured her in return, that the stratagem of insincerity was fruitless. Since he was resolved to win the heart, she seemed determined not to surrender.—“And if you were to take it by storm, (as I perceive that is your mode of conquering,)” replied Gonsalva, “what would it avail? You know, daughters are not allowed to dispose of themselves: I have a father, Don Fabian, and it is from his hand I must take my husband.”

Sebastian gazed on her enamoured, smiling with the consciousness of sovereign power: “Let us not talk of fathers, fair Gonsalva; were I beloved, I should fear nothing: what will not a joyful and ardent passion accomplish? Do not deny me then the hope of having interested you?—I must quit Crato to-

morrow; the King is recalled by important business, and I cannot remain behind."

"O! how much you are in love!" exclaimed Gonsalva, with an air of tender reproach, "you profess to live only in my sight, and yet you can leave me merely for the sake of preserving an empty honor about the King!"

The gratified Sebastian protested that nothing but a sense of duty could make him forego the delight of these stolen interviews, which he would hasten to renew; promising soon to return. "Till that blissful moment, let this remind you of Fabian," said he, (unloosing from his neck a brilliant cross of the order of Christus which had hitherto been concealed by his vest.) "Let this *assure* you, that your lover is noble."

"And if he were not"—exclaimed Gonsalva, stopping and ending the sentence with a tender sigh. The triumph of Sebastian was now complete: "and if he

were not, charming Gonsalva, you would not cease to bid him hope?—Dare I flatter myself that such was the sentiment your modesty deprived me of?”—Gonsalva bowed her fair neck without speaking, while rapture sparkled in her eyes: the King lightly threw over her head the embroidered ribbon by which the order was suspended, and when he did so, lifted some of the tresses of her hair to his lips. “ Might I bear away with me one of these glittering ringlets!—Surely you will not deny me the precious gift?”

A faint denial only served to stimulate the young monarch, Gonsalva refused, and chided, and jested, but yielded at last.

At parting, the coy beauty would not utter a confession of regret, though she suffered the sentiment to appear in her swimming eyes. Sebastian was perhaps more enamoured by this conduct: the difficulty of subduing so haughty or so delicate a heart, gave additional pleasure

to the attempt ; and the spirit of domination then mixed with the tender desires of love. He returned to Crato with his golden prize, believing himself a conqueror when he was in reality a slave.

The vivacity of Sebastian's feelings were in proportion to their novelty : he loved for the first time, therefore he loved with his whole soul ; and the idea of being beloved in return, *for his own sake*, finished the enchantment.

During their rapid journey to Lisbon, he disclosed the romantic secret to his cousin.

Though Don Antonio was evidently too discreet for the indulgence of ill-timed raillery or unpalatable rebuke, the King perceived that his imprudent attachment surprized and shocked him : the prior's florid complexion changed frequently, and he spoke with a trepidation unusual to him. Donna Gonsalva's comparatively inferior birth, was in his opinion an insurmountable objection ; but

he forbore to press other arguments upon his sovereign, whose suddenly inflamed looks warned him to beware. Having by a strong effort conquered his excessive surprize, which secret circumstances rendered almost insufferable, he gradually acquiesced in the passionate reasoning of his kinsman, and began to assist him with plans for the completion of these new wishes.

To facilitate the King's interviews with Donna Gonsalva, and yet conceal the affair from his court, it was requisite that some plausible excuse should be found for his visiting Crato again: Antonio therefore offered to return almost immediately to his priory, feign sickness there, and intreat the society of his gracious cousin. This offer was accepted: Don Antonio scarcely refreshed himself in Lisbon ere he set out once more for Crato: the King remained behind, and for the first time in his life gave audience to his ministers with a divided mind.

after dispatching the various state affairs for which he had returned to his capital, he waited impatiently the prior's summons, and shortly receiving it, hastened, with a very small train, to the hunting lodge.

The interviews of the lovers were now regular, and every interview heightened the young monarch's passion. His fair mistress stimulated this ardor by just as much condescension as excited without satisfying hope; acquiring at each unexpected act of kindness fresh power over his peace. Sebastian gradually lost that self-command upon which he piqued himself, and often found that he bartered some of his independence for a smile or a kiss: but he had learned the art of silencing his own reproofs; and constantly declared to his cousin that he knew himself beloved to excess, or he would not stoop to acts which otherwise would be mean submissions.

At length, the moment so long panted

after, arrived; Gonsalva one evening pronounced the tender confession of reciprocal preference, and was rewarded the next instant by an avowal of her lover's sovereign rank.

Confused and agitated, the fair Portuguese half sunk upon her knee, faltering out a few words of humility and gratitude: Sebastian hastened to raise, and clasp her in his arms, while he explained his intention of recalling her father from France in order to witness their immediate marriage. Donna Gonsalva changed colour, averted her eyes, hesitated, panted for breath, and at length apprehensively confessed that she was under engagements to a young nobleman; nay, that her father had given her to him in marriage at the age of seven years.

Had the earth opened at the feet of Sebastian, he could not have felt more horror.—Speechless with emotion, his looks only continued to interrogate Gonsalva: she trembled and wept, but conjured him

to believe that after the ceremony was performed, she had almost forgotten it, as her bridegroom had gone out to Goa with his grandfather the viceroy of India, and was but lately returned.

“And you have seen him Gonsalva?” asked the King mournfully. “Yes, I have seen him thrice, but without giving him the least hope that I would ratify the cruel engagement ⁱⁿ which my infant mind had no share.—When he visited me last, you were absent, your love was doubtful, your real rank unknown, I was uncertain whether you might ever return to me, and yet I told him my resolution.”

“Then you loved me from the first?” cried the transported Sebastian, let not my Gonsalva ever again torture me with assumed indifference, when this conduct shews that she preferred the pain of concealment to the hazard of losing me by the early mention of this hateful obstacle. Take courage, dearest! ties like these may

be broken without dishonour; and thank God! I am a King."

The impetuous and imperious Sebastian forgot at this moment his character of *just*; he was incapable of admitting either a parent's or a husband's right, when the one had used his power tyrannically, and the other had been forced upon a child incapable of choice. To obtain the pope's bull for annulling this marriage, seemed not a matter of difficulty; the consent of Vimiosa was of course certain; and as the rival husband had not been long returned from India, he was not likely to oppose the divorce from any motive of attachment: at all events, Sebastian resolved to use his prerogative if necessary, since Gonsalva had expressed for him the most passionate preference, and ought not her happiness to be the first object of his life!—She now repeated her promise of living for him alone, and at that sound the momentary obstacle disappeared from her lover's sight.

After this conference the rash young

monarch dispatched couriers into France with letters to the count Vimiosa, demanding his daughter, and inviting him to return and assist in dissolving the bands which tied her to Don Emanuel de Castro: at the same time he sent a magnificent embassy to Rome, praying for a divorce; and commissioned his cousin Antonio to see and converse with Don Emanuel.

Meanwhile Donna Gonsalva had hinted to Sebastian the impropriety of exposing her reputation to the scandal of being discovered in a clandestine intercourse with her sovereign: having no longer a reason for concealment, Sebastian embraced the permission this hint gave him, and came with a splendid retinue to Vimiosa. His lords saw nothing extraordinary in a young monarch paying a courteous visit to the sister and daughter of one of his greatest subjects, but no sooner did they behold the transcendent beauty of Donna Gonsalva, and the emotion of their royal master,

than a suspicion of the truth was awakened amongst them.

Lost in a round of new and delightful enjoyments, Sebastian was from that hour continually at the house of his mistress: his cousin accompanied him in these visits, and warmly applauded his choice. But the eloquence of the latter had been used in vain to obtain an hearing from Don Emanuel De Castro; that young nobleman refusing to converse on the subject of her marriage with any other than the King himself.

Sebastian's nature was too generous not to revolt from some arbitrary measures which Antonio suggested in the height of his zeal and displeasure: he refused to degrade or distress his rival; and the dictates of delicacy forbade him to attempt purchasing his acquiescence by mere honours.

De Castro was indeed worthy of this liberal treatment: he had distinguished himself in the Indies under his grandfa-

ther, by the most brilliant services. His intrepidity and genius for war were not the only themes of praise; to these were added justice, temperance, a benevolent attention to the natural propensities, habits, and even prejudices of the Indians, and a conciliating manner which subdued them still more than his arms. Filial piety was the first of his virtues: after twelve years residence in India, a dangerous disease fastened upon his aged parent, which compelled him to return home: Don Emanuel was advised to remain at Goa, where he would in all probability receive an immediate nomination to succeed the viceroy in his government; but he refused to act thus:—abandoning this expectation, and resigning his military command, he left the eastern world, chiefly for the sake of softening the discomforts of a tedious voyage to a relation he revered; though the idea of claiming his young bride sweetened the sacrifice.

On reaching Portugal, the viceroy had gone to his seat at Santaren, from whence Don Emanuel had twice visited Gonsalva: but the death of his beloved grandfather quickly followed, and prevented him from seeing her again, till the first days of his mourning were passed.—Don Emanuel was preparing to appear at court for the first time, when the King's pleasure was intimated to him by the prior of Crato. Refusing to discuss so important a matter with a third person, he was ordered into the presence of his sovereign.—The King alone, and secretly at war with himself, received him with embarrassment: his excessive emotion formed a decided contrast to the grave and dignified composure of De Castro. The latter was just going to pay the usual mark of homage to princes, when Sebastian impetuously caught him by the arm, exclaiming, “ Bend not your knee to one who would dismiss from your mind in this conference all thought of his authority: I wish you to hear me,

Don Emanuel, not as a King, who might insist, but as a man who is willing to submit to the decision of equity.—In conversing on this interesting topic, let us think only of the rights and the happiness of Donna Gonsalva—let us forget, if possible, our own desires.—Believe me, if I did not flatter myself with being inexpressibly dear to her, if I did not abhor and renounce with my whole heart this unnatural practice of infant nuptials, I would not seek to release her hand, though certain of commanding it the next instant:—nay, had I known earlier of her engagements, preposterous as I deem them, I would have avoided the scandal and the pain of dissolving them.”

De Castro fixed his eyes upon the ingenuous though disturbed countenance of the King: esteem and compassion were in the look.—“ This is the first time,” he said, “ in which I have had the honour of seeing and conversing with my sovereign, and I foresee it will add to my for-

mer loyalty, the sentiments of gratitude and admiration.—my fortunes, my services, my life, sire, are at your feet, dispose of them henceforth as you will; but I beseech you for your own honour and happiness, for the sake of your people, proceed no further in dissolving my union with Donna Gonsalva.”

“ How! Don Emanuel,” exclaimed Sebastian, “ do you pretend to persuade me of these animated sentiments, and yet deny me the only favor peculiarly your own to bestow? as your sovereign I may command your services and life; but when I ask of you with the simplicity of an equal, to resign the shadow of a right over a woman whom *you* cannot love, whom *I* love with all the ardour of virtuous tenderness, and who blesses me in return, when I ask *this* at your hands, you capriciously, tyrannically deny me. What conduct is this? how dare you mock me with expressions of devoted regard?

Embarrassed yet not confounded, Don Emanuel was silent; the king pressed his remark with increased ardour, adding, in a tone of greater emotion, " You were contracted to Donna Gonsalva at the age of thirteen, you went immediately after to India, from whence you are returned but three months; in that period you have seen the fair Gonsalva only thrice, and that in reserved interviews before her aunt, where nothing beyond personal graces could speak to your senses. No charm of varied discourse; no enchantment of sensibility could penetrate to your soul; the coldness of her feelings must have chilled yours: love feeds, grows, lives upon love! Can you then, will you then have the injustice to place your mere admiration of her beauty upon a par with my lively preference of her character, and my tender sympathy with her disinterested affection? Have a care, Don Emanuel, force me not to resume the King; you may rouse me into measures which otherwise I would have spurned."

“ I trust, Sire, to your own conviction of the justice of my claim, replied De Castro firmly, the king of Portugal is born to be the glory and the exemplar of Kings: he will teach the Portuguese to obey the laws, by first obeying them himself; he will respect even the simplest rights of his subjects; he will reflect that absolute power tempts to oppression, and renders self-denial the greatest effort of virtue; and in proportion as injustice is easy to him, his magnanimity will render it difficult.” Don Emanuel paused, but Sebastian was silent; for there was something in Don Emanuel’s manner which at once inspired respect, and rivetted attention: interpreting his sovereign’s looks, that nobleman continued—“ Pardon my boldness, sire, if I venture to tell you, that in marrying a subject, and that subject a woman ravished from her husband, you will stain your unsullied name, and disappoint your people. Hitherto, monarchs of Portugal have

strengthened their power by foreign alliances—you, sire, have refused daughters of France and Spain; and when it is known that you have refused them for a private person, may we not dread the consequences?"

"What! Don Emanuel, interrupted Sebastian, does your otherwise admirable theory of a prince's duties, lead to this extravagant conclusion, that he is bound to sacrifice his domestic happiness to a mere shew of benefitting his people?—Is a powerful alliance more than a political pageant?—When did you ever find the dearest connections amongst earthly potentates, (and I blush for them whilst I urge it,) able to counterbalance the promptings of ambition and opportunity? every solid advantage would be as firmly secured to Portugal by my union with a subject as with a princess. I am not the first King of Portugal who has declared that "marriage is the prerogative of every man."

"True, Sire!" returned De Castro,

respectfully, “but your majesty will remember that the august monarch who made this declaration, coupled it with these words—*I promise never to invade this prerogative in the person of another, and for that reason expect never to have it invaded in my own.*”

“De Castro,” said the King earnestly, “tell me that you tenderly, exclusively love her—swear it to me by your hope of eternal salvation, and whatever it may cost me, I will relinquish my own happiness, but never again expect to behold the face of your sovereign: for the man who would force to his arms an unwilling bride, must have a soul with which mine can have no fellowship.”

Extremely affected by the honourable emotion of his royal master, Don Emanuel’s voice faltered as he replied, “My nature, sire, is incapable of deriving gratification from any forced submission; much less from that submission of woman’s heart, which must be voluntary to be sweet:—be assured Donna Gonsalva

shall not be compelled into my arms. To swear I love her dearer than any thing on earth, would be false, for I love my King better: I take Heaven to witness it is more for his honor and prosperity, than for my own wishes, that I thus desperately risk his displeasure. Time, perhaps, may plead in my justification, and convince you, sire, that though I refuse every other ground of discussion except that of right, yet am I sincere when I repeat, that for loyalty and the most passionate wish for your majesty's real happiness, my heart may challenge any heart in Portugal."

Sebastian's indignant eyes searched the countenance of Don Emanuel; "There is a proud mystery about you, sir," he said, which displeases me:—I have humbled myself too much.—Since it is to be a question of right, learn to respect the rights of your prince. From this hour know that I will be obeyed."

Don Emanuel threw himself at the King's feet.—"Then I must *implore* for

justice, and conjure my sovereign to decide on my claim as he would have done in a similar cause in which he was not a party. Ah, sire! you turn pale! your upright soul feels the force of that plain appeal. Would to God, for your own august sake, that you would not precipitately do an act of violence.—Have you no fears, sire, that the woman who could so long conceal, and so lightly break a sacred tie (however imposed,) has been actuated by less disinterested motives than those of virtuous love?"

At this unexpected question, the King lost all command of his passions, and fiercely motioned for Don Emanuel to withdraw; his look and gesture were too violent not to warn de Castro that he trod on the brink of a precipice: that young nobleman rose from the ground, and as he bowed respectfully, a deep sigh escaped him, he bowed again, and left the King to his own thoughts.

C H A P. II.

SEBASTIAN'S mind was a tempest of angry feelings. It was now evident, that unless the presence and arguments of the Count Vimiosa should prevail over De Castro's obstinacy, he must be forced to use compulsion: such measures were so abhorrent to his nature that he felt increased aversion for the man who thus rendered them necessary.

Don Emanuel was forbid to appear at court; yet his still generous, though indignant sovereign, neither abridged his honours nor his liberty: he testified his displeasure merely by banishing him from his presence. The prior of Crato observed this moderation and blamed it: Sebastian answered him by saying, "De Castro has to thank me for much more forbearance: were I to follow the dictates of my proud

spirit, I would crush him with benefits, and render this perseverance odious to the whole world. But I disdain to take so unfair an advantage." Antonio was not reconciled to such a refinement of honour, yet he attempted not to ridicule it. The arrival of the Count Vimiosa revived the spirits of the King; from him he expected implicit submission, and he found it. The Count had early learned the court lesson of obedience; and was besides intoxicated with the height to which his daughter's elevation would raise himself: he professed his willingness to repair in person to Rome for the dispensation; inveighing bitterly against the rash and selfish man who thus ventured to contend with his prince.

Sebastian could not conceal from his own thoughts that he despised this pliant father, who boasted acquiescence as the fruit of reverence to royal authority, not as springing from the conviction of woman's right to dispose of her affection

and her hand: Sebastian was accustomed to estimate the value of men's actions by their motives; and scorning those of *Vimiosa*, scarcely brooked his presence even in the society of his daughter. However, for her sake he gave him the palace of *Xabregas*, to which she was shortly after removed with her discreet aunt from the vicinity of *Crato*.

Though debarred from personally appearing before the King, Don Emanuel addressed a letter to him full of duteous affection, in which he offered to forego all claim upon *Donna Gonsalva*, provided she continued to wish it at the expiration of six months: but for that period he stipulated that she must either retire into a convent, or accept the protection of his aunt *Donna Garcia di Nugnez*, a lady of unblemished reputation, under her roof she might receive his visits, and those of the King also.

This proposal *De Castro* pressed with such earnestness (offering to pledge him-

self under forfeiture of his estates and life, to use no authority over the will of Donna Gonsalva,) that Sebastian was induced to consider it—there was such an air of sincerity in the whole of that young nobleman's conduct, and his character had hitherto been so irreproachable, that it was impossible even for the passion-blinded King to refuse believing him innocent of wanton insolence. Whatever romantic notions of right and honour might tempt him into the present opposition, it was evident that he rather sought to give his prince time to recollect himself, than finally to thwart his wishes.

Stimulated to convince Don Emanuel that his choice arose not from a temporary gust of passion, Sebastian half-resolved to accept these offered terms, and consent to six months probation. With this view he hastened from the palace of Ribera to that of Xabregas, to communicate the letter to Donna Gonsalva: he found her in the midst of her little court, like the

Queen of beauty surrounded by graces and loves. On his entrance the nobles retired, leaving only the prior of Crato, and Donna Sancha Vimiosa.

While the fair Portuguese read De Castro's letter, the blood suddenly forsook her lips and cheeks; she fixed her amazed eyes on Don Antonio, as if unconscious of what they looked on, repeating aloud "for six months!"—at that moment Sebastian forgot his rational resolution; "but we are not to be debarred the society of each other all that time, my Gonsalva!" said he, tenderly kissing her hand.

Gonsalva gazed at him with a mixture of astonishment and apprehension—"already so indifferent!" she exclaimed—artful De Castro, thou knowest but too well, I fear, how those six months would end!"

"Donna Gonsalva!" cried the prior, with no very respectful roughness, "are you in your senses?"—observe the king."

Instantaneously recalled, the beautiful Gonsalva recovered from her extraordinary agitation, and turning to her lover, beheld on his countenance such an expression of grateful surprize and fond regret, then she half sunk into his arms, repeating with the voice of a syren “you will not banish me from happiness for six long months? you will not kill your Gonsalva with fears which your authority may end for ever!”

Sebastian pressed her to him in a transport of love—“what is it you fear!” he exclaimed, “what is it alarms my Gonsalva!”

His charming mistress cast down her eyes abashed, “I fear, without cause perhaps,” she said, yet, you have yourself often remarked, that true tenderness trembles at every delay of what it sighs for.—These six months passed with a relation of the man who calls himself my husband—these six months in which you may be wrought on to abandon me—are so fright-

ful—so sad—alas! how shall I live through them!”

Antonio, who was reading the important letter, now broke in upon Sebastian's soothing: he spoke with peculiar warmth on the weakness of allowing himself to be thus trifled with by an inferior. He could not understand, he observed, any of those romantic notions which his royal master urged in defence of Don Emanuel; but frankly gave it as his opinion that De Castro, so far from being sincere in his promise of resigning the lady in half a year, was more likely to take a base advantage of a husband's authority, and whenever Donna Gonsalva should be removed from her own family, render it impossible for her to return to her lover.

“I am not a deep reasoner, my honoured cousin, added the prior, with his usual good-humoured levity—but depend on it I see actions as they are; and never am out in men's motives,—shall I tell you

what I would do in your majesty's place? —I would flatly refuse this insidious offer, and send the proposer of it back to the Indies: give him the viceroyalty by way of consolation."

"Not to get him quietly out of the way:" replied the King, do not injure yourself so in my thoughts Antonio, by urging such unworthy conduct!—no, he shall be heard at the tribunal to which I appeal. I am not going to *rob* him."

"Your majesty's apprehension is so quick, and so erring sometimes!" cried the smiling prior, "I simply meant him to be complimented with the government of India, *after* the cause had gone against him."

"No, nor that either," answered Sebastian, "I will not purchase the silence of an enemy at the expense of my people. If I am to believe De Castro insincere and unworthy, he is not to be trusted with the destinies of thousands."

"Well, you must pardon my zeal, sire!

—I would perform a ten year's penance for your sake, (and your majesty knows how ill long fasts and sleepless nights suit my taste,) and it chafes me into uncharitableness, perhaps, to find a fellow cheating your generous nature with mere breath."

"I know your affectionate heart!" said the King, with one of his benign smiles: then turning to Gonsalva, who had been all this time resting her fair cheek on his shoulder, and moistening it with tears, he besought her to pronounce her will, and it should be obeyed.

"Renew your solicitations at Rome!" she exclaimed, pleasure sparkling in her eyes—suffer me still to remain at Xabregas with my kind aunt here—and from this hour till the blessed one which makes me yours, refuse to see or hear from Don Emanuel.—Never, never again let me be tortured with his presence."

The King kissed her hand in token of assent; and De Castro's proposal was rejected.

A second embassy was now dispatched under the Count Vimiosa into Italy; while Don Emanuel, wearied with fruitless efforts to see the King again, and secretly supported by many of the nobility, who envied the elevation of the Vimiosas, went himself to Rome to ask for justice at the feet of the pope. His cause was strengthened by the French court, exasperated at the refusal of their alliance with Portugal; and strenuously promoted by the influence of a high Italian family with whom he was connected by blood.— But Sebastian felt secure of success, and intoxicated by the delight of love, could not conceive the possibility of disappointment.

His beautiful idol was now the idol of the people and the nobles; wherever she moved, crowds hung upon her charms; the graces of her air, and the bewitching playfulness of her manner, attracted hearts as well as eyes, and among the young lords who approached the fascination of

her accomplishments, scarcely any one preserved himself from the torment of fruitless desires.—This admiration from others, increased the passion, because it flattered the pride of the King; and assured of being exclusively beloved, he no longer blushed to display the excess and tenderness of his feelings.

At length the pope's decision arrived; --Count Vimiosa returned triumphant; De Castro foiled.

Transported with joy, Sebastian flew to impart the tidings to Donna Gonsalva: how was she struck on finding that her father had obtained her lover's suit, only by promising his holiness the performance of an imprudent vow once made by the King to Don Antonio!—that vow would leave her still without perfect security; it would take him into Africa, amidst danger and death!

The most violent bursts of tears, shrieks, and fits, followed this unhappy disclosure; Sebastian had never before seen her

so moved: ravished with such convincing proofs of his empire over her heart, he renewed his protestations of eternal fidelity, accompanying them with many a fond endearment. By degrees his arguments and caresses produced soothing effects, and the weeping beauty was pacified.—Nature indeed had blessed her with a disposition so averse from thought and care, that grief dwelt with her but an instant: she made her lover repeat all his vows of love and truth, and the assurance of denying De Castro's return to court, and then she revived to smiling happiness.

The arrival of Vimiosa had been expected to prove the signal of De Castro's disgrace; but on the contrary the King simply announced the continuance of his banishment from palace parties, while he distinguished his former services by such honorary rewards as in those days of high-pitched honour, were more dearly

prized and more eagerly sought, than are the *substantial recompensings* of modern times.

Donna Gonsalva, soon after, blazing in jewels, and attended by a splendid retinue of pages and ladies, received the compliments of the nobility in the palace of Xabregas.—Everywhere announced as their future queen, her favour was courted, her influence implored: it was no longer Sebastian, but she who ruled in Portugal.

Don Emanuel de Castro shocked at this ascendancy, which it was in vain for him to attempt opposing, retired to the house of a relation in a remote province, where he passed his hours in study and benevolent acts: his name ceased to be spoken of at court, and even his remembrance shortly wore out of the minds of the courtiers.

Blended with the idea of happiness and Gonsalva, the enterprize against Africa, had commenced. Sebastian's roused spi-

rit once more breathed war and religious enthusiasm: he directed levies to be made, youth trained, foreign powers solicited, and a crusade preached throughout his dominions; he passed himself from province to province, ascertaining its strength and proportioning its supplies to its ability: he stimulated the exertions of his officers, by new distinctions, and solicitously sought to obtain the aid of his uncle Philip II. who then ruled in Spain. This was liberally promised him; shamefully withholden!

The prior of Crato, enflamed with the same ardour, and sanctioned by the title of a religious war, accompanied his royal cousin in these progresses, liberally offering his revenues and retainers to aid and support the cause:—he was to make one in the formidable expedition; a circumstance highly agreeable to the King, who loved his enlivening talents, and was accustomed to talk with him of *Gonsalva*.

But the glory of their little army consisted in one gallant stranger, Sir Thomas Stukeley of England.—This brave adventurer had left his native country from the restlessness of a disordered but fine mind, and hearing of Sebastian's intended attack upon the Moors, came to offer his services at the head of a band of noble Italians.

The chivalric romance of Stukeley captivated our youthful hero; he found in him that ardour of enterprize, and those unquenchable hopes, which he had hitherto believed his own peculiar property. While they conversed together, both burned with the same fire; prudential calculations were equally despised by each; danger only, possessed charms for them, and success, unless torn from the arms of destruction, was to them destitute of honour.

Stukeley's reason had once been rudely assaulted by a domestic calamity; and though it still remained uninjured in the eyes of most men, deeper observers beheld

a lamentable chasm in his once perfect mind:—an exuberance of imagination had usurped the place of the reasoning faculty; while his heart, true to its nature and to its habits, fed this imagination with visions of exalted but often hazardous virtue.

The wild inspiration of his countenance, breathing goodness and greatness, never suggested to Sebastian the idea of an unsettled intellect: what might have appeared feverish ravings in another, were sublimed by the magnificent eloquence of Stukeley into theories of god-like excellence, and heroic exploit.—The young monarch listened to these effusions till their magic transformed impossibilities into certainties: hitherto his character impelled others; now, it was impelled in its turn, and borne with resistless force before the mighty character of Stukeley.

With such a coadjutor, the King of Portugal was enabled to give an additional impulse to the martial spirit of his king-

dom, Stukeley was a zealous catholic like himself, and the destruction of the infidels was equally the object of his wishes.

An opportunity of prosperously invading Africa, now presented itself. One of the Moorish princes who had been dethroned by his uncle Muley Moloch, King of Fez, Morocco, and Tarradunt, after vainly soliciting the aid of Mahometan courts, came as a suppliant to Portugal: he pleaded his rights and his distress; offering the monarch in lieu of assistance, several valuable territories along the sea-coast.

Sebastian's zeal for the extension of Christianity would not suffer him to be contented with a mere accession of territory: he dictated new terms; stipulating for the half of whatever was reconquered, and for the enlargement of every Christian found enslaved amongst the Moors. But the leading article in their treaty was an agreement that no Christian

hereafter should be forced into the profession of Mahometanism, and that the Emperor of Morocco should make a law for this purpose, under the penalty of death to any of his subjects who should disobey.

By this arrangement Sebastian insured to himself a substantial hold on Africa; and though aware of the small probability there was that Muley Hamet should fulfil the latter part of their treaty, he was now conscious of possessing in this article, (if infringed) a justifiable plea for turning his arms against so faithless an ally.

On completing this compact with the Moor, and receiving some mercenaries from Germany and Flanders, the King called a general assembly of his nobles and ministers.—After eloquently detailing his motives for taking arms, and the advantages likely to result from it to all Christendom, he proceeded to say, that he convened his council, not to ask their advice, but to instruct them in his aim,

and to receive their concurrence. He called God to witness, that his first and dearest aim was the preservation of unnumbered souls who now groaned under the sinful yoke of a detestable religion, and perhaps wanted only to live under a Christian government, and be taught by Christian teachers, to awake from their delusion: he pathetically painted the miseries of his captive countrymen to whom the Portuguese arms were about to give freedom: he then commented on the political advantage of acquiring a maritime frontier in Africa for the protection of their trade with the gold coast; and lastly, he avowed a strong desire for honorable distinction. His impetuous youth here dwelt delighted, and laid claim to some indulgence for this last infirmity of noble minds: he finished an animated confession of that infirmity, by these words from Cicero.

“Should we in the pursuits of virtue have any of its rewards in view, the no-

blest of all, is glory: this alone compensates the shortness of life, by the immortality of fame; by this we are still present when absent from the world, and survive even after death. By the steps of glory, in short, mortals mount to heaven."

This speech produced very different effects upon his hearers: the younger were already converts to his opinion; but the old and experienced, who had lived long enough in the world to foresee the probable termination of this military romance, received their King's determination sorrowfully. Each, in private, endeavoured to persuade him of the impracticability of subduing Africa with a handful of men, unsupported by foreign succours, and depending for their safety in a great measure on the good faith of an infidel ally: they expatiated upon the exhaustless numbers of the Moors, and their knowledge of their own country, where he, would fight upon ground he knew little of,

where in the event of a defeat he might be so bewildered as not to get back to his transports, and must consequently resign his troops either to starvation or captivity.

Similar arguments were pressed on him by the ambassadors of foreign courts; but they served only to inflame the courage of Sebastian, and to exasperate him against their masters, those cautious monarchs who proved themselves nominal sons of the church, since they would not contribute one detachment towards his enterprize. His uncle too, the Cardinal Henry, opposed the expedition, and aided by the foreboding lamentations of the Queen dowager, frequently agitated their rash kinsman by unavailing remonstrances.

Sebastian listened respectfully to each; but, seduced into the belief of being born for the destruction of Mahometanism, persevered in his resolution.

To the enchantments of Donna Gon-

salva he continually turned from these vexations: her wit enlivened him, her syren voice soothed the most turbulent emotions of his soul, and his unsated eyes found ceaseless delight in following the graceful varieties of her face and figure: yet Sebastian had a void in his heart; a something unfilled, unsatisfied, which he placed to the account of the imperfection of human felicity. Donna Gonsalva was exquisite in person and mind; she certainly loved him, but her love did not meet either the delicacy or the intensity of his: her feelings were obtuse in those trifles to which sensibility is tremblingly alive: she would often pursue her own sprightly pleasures with such eager forgetfulness of him, as to mortify and displease him. Two or three times he had entered her apartments at Xabregas in the bitterness of a spirit traversed and exhausted by political disappointments, and she had not observed it: his watchful passion was never one moment

insensible to the slightest variation of its object ; not even the mist of an unpleasant thought could shade that heaven of beauty, without disturbing his repose—and she—yes she, often saw him agitated or depressed, without observation.

It was at these periods that Sebastian acknowledged the torments and the omnipotence of love: he saw a defect in his idol, yet he worshipped her still.

But what could he desire more than to be loved with all the powers of her soul? if that soul wanted some of the energy of his, was it not her misfortune rather than her fault? his reason assented to this, though his heart frequently burst out into fond complaints which Gonsalva silenced by the warmest assurance of preference. Under the immediate impression of his grief, she would lose no opportunity of evincing her tenderness, and then Sebastian's transports would return: but attentions which do not flow spontaneously from a natural softness, seldom are last-

ing ; Donna Gonsalva would soon forget her lover's character, because her own was of a lighter stamp, and gay thoughtlessness uniformly succeeded a short solicitude.

This perpetual inconsideration deeply wounded the King ; for a lover like him, expected to throb in every pulse of her heart. Racked with repeated mortifications, that perhaps owed their existence to an impassioned fastidiousness “ which I beseech ye, call a godly sin ”—he looked anxiously towards the hour of his departure from Portugal, secretly hoping to endear himself by danger, or at least to rouse some of those sensibilities which were as wholly concealed now by ceaseless gaiety, as when no anxieties existed to call them forth.

Don Antonio was ever Gonsalva's advocate ; sometimes rallying, and sometimes more seriously reproving his royal cousin for pampering a sickly sensitiveness, which thus poisoned life's chief blessing.

Sir Thomas Stukely, ignorant of his illustrious friend's discontent, unconsciously increased it; for one night in a walk among the gardens of Ribera, under the boundless and starry heavens, he poured into the attentive ear of Sebastian, the story of his early life: that story, though it might be comprised in a single incident, was deeply interesting to the young King, whose heart, penetrated with one affection, delighted to sympathize with every other; yet he listened sadly, for he thought the more of Gonsalva's temperate feelings.

The untimely death of a brother, long and justly beloved, had driven Stukely a wanderer from his country: that brother's character, made up of every estimable and endearing quality; his fraternal love "exceeding the love of women," were depicted in the heart-wringing language of a regret increasing with time.

"We lived in our native Devonshire," continued Stukely, "far from the excitements and the temptations of a court; ig-

norant of any mortal happiness beyond each others deserved encomiums. One fatal day, hunting among the woods round Illfracombe—my erring spear—I cannot describe it!—this brother, dearer to me than existence, this soul of my wretched life, fell through a disastrous accident by my hand!—But he died with forgiveness on his lips—he died kissing the hand that smote him!”—

Stukely's voice assumed a fearful hollow-ness as he spoke the last words, his eyes rolled back upon themselves, and his pale countenance expressed the extremity of despair; but the next moment rapture illumined him, and he wildly resumed—

“ Oft in the dead of night his voice I hear,
Like harp angelic, bidding me rejoice,
Not weep his fate; for now he dwells in bliss,
High, full, seraphic, far transcending all
That heart of man can image, and with eye
Cleared from its mortal dross, beholds the end
Of human suff'ring; weeps no more the woes
Of fellow dust, but sees unnumbered crowds,
Multitudes vast—of ev'ry race and tint—
Dreaming of pain awhile, but to awake
In beatific and eternal Heaven !”

Accustomed to hear his friend converse by snatches in a strain resembling poetry, Sebastian made no remark on this momentary rhapsody: Stukeley paused awhile, and then continued :

“ After the loss of my brother, I know not what strange calamity fell on me. I sometimes think I could not have been in my right mind. Memory retains a confused notion of my having once formed a visionary project of colonizing Florida, then but newly discovered, erecting over it the sovereignty of an order still purer and more self-denying than the orders of Jerusalem and Malta : I can recollect displeasing the young queen Elizabeth with my romantic ambition. At length, when my intellect recovered its cruel shock, I found myself in a court, filled with the professors of a new religion ; it was impossible for me to stay, even to hear their doctrines. I passed from England to Ireland, from Ireland to Italy, sorrowing and self-condemned for my involuntary crime ; there, my arms have

been constantly employed against the enemies of our holy church. This wandering warfare; this renunciation of home, country, and kindred, is the penance to which I have condemned myself: may it tend to expiate my guilt!—My grief it cannot cure.” Again Stukeley mused awhile, and again he abruptly added, “ ’Tis a distinguished privilege to die in defence of the sacred cross! I swear never to abandon it! We will plant the blessed banner on every mosque in Moroc-co, or perish in the attempt.”

Gladly seizing the last subject suggested by Stukeley, Sebastian forbore to comment on the melancholy commencement of their discourse, leading him to talk of the meditated war, of which religion formed the only basis.

Public affairs now hastened to a crisis: the armament was complete, and the fleet equipped; the Pope had transmitted his blessing, with a present exceeding in value that of the consecrated rose: it was an

arrow which had pierced the side of St. Sebastian !

In their armour and field accoutrements, the nobility displayed infinite splendour ; and as desolated Portugal could not furnish many private soldiers, the troops composed chiefly of gentlemen volunteers, seemed but a gallant shew of accomplished knights.

The royal-standard (embroidered by Donna Gonsalva) was carried in procession through the streets of Lisbon, to receive the benediction of the archbishop ; it was then delivered into the hand of the Marquis Villa-real, and the army marshalled around it.

After this august ceremony, the troops prepared to embark, while his officers and men were exchanging adieus with wives, sisters, and parents, Sebastian hurried to take leave of Donna Gonsalva : she had for some days yielded to an excess of grief, and had shut herself up from all society. At sight of her royal lover clad

in the shining livery of war, she flung herself into his arms with tears and cries ; distracted at the possibility of eventually losing him either by death or changed sentiments, she wildly expressed a wish to become his by a secret, but binding tie.

Sebastian pressed her to his breast in a tumult of tender delight, “ dearest treasure of my life !” he exclaimed, covering her fair brow with kisses, “ at this moment your Sebastian is blest to the utmost extent of his fantastic desires.—Ah, Gonsalva ! why have I ever believed you indifferent, or incapable of exquisite love ? be assured I go now, confident of possessing your heart ; I go to conquer for your sake, to return worthy of you, covered with the spiritual dew of heaven, its blessing and the blessings of millions :—but ask me not to forfeit my right to this dear hand, by evading the conditions upon which it has been awarded to me ; I have promised our holy father to engage in an expedition against the infidels—

successful or unsuccessful, I will return to Portugal, and either share my glory with you, or—perish the possibility of mischance !” Donna Gonsalva now redoubled her tears and her endearments ; and tying round his neck a picture of herself, conjured him to remember that her existence was interwoven with his own.

As the enamoured King repeated his belief of her sincerity, he added tenderly, “ These tears, these sighs, my Gonsalva, can never be absent from my thoughts : be assured that whenever you think of your Sebastian, whether at the dead of night, or in the hurry of day, he is at that moment thinking of you.”

His eyes overflowed as he spoke ; he strained her to his bosom, held her there an instant, then broke away. While moving towards the door, a favourite dog that had always been his companion, leaped up, and licked his forehead. “ Farewel, Barémel !” said the softened king, “ I cannot take thee,—Stay with my Gonsal-

va, and be cherished for thy master's sake." On pronouncing these words, he gently pushed the faithful animal aside, and hastened out of the apartment.

The royal equerries waited with their sovereign's Arabian, at the gates of Xabregas; Sebastian vaulted into his seat, and with a soul raised to rapture by the undisguised fondness of Donna Gonsalva, rode towards the place at which the troops were ordered to assemble.

There, the King and the soldier took their turn: he rode along the lines formed by his army, proudly exulting in their strength and appearance. His animation diffused cheerfulness through the soldiery; and a short address, exhorting them to patience, perseverance, and fidelity, was answered by loyal acclamations: the word was then given, and the army began its march.

The figure of the young King, (clad in a suit of green armour) full of youth, spirit, and hope, was picturesquely contrasted

by the wild sadness of Stukeley, the light and shade of whose countenance at one time flashed the fire of a warrior, at others was lost in a gloom of unavailing regret. Don Antonio of Crato, formed a contrast of another sort; his gold armour was gayly adorned with bosses and chasings, which the priest's vestment did not entirely conceal; his florid aspect seemed equally free from thought and care: but there was one knight among the troops whose face expressed many thoughts and many feelings: It was Don Emanuel de Castro.

Without attempting to see or to address Sebastian, he had signified to the master of the horse his intention of furnishing five hundred arquebusiers for the expedition: through that nobleman's interference this offer was not only accepted, but he was permitted to head them himself; and thus allowed an opportunity of retrieving his sovereign's lost favour. De Castro now rode among the noble volunteers, with a serious brow.

His steady judgment, neither hurried away by the romantic sanguineness of the inexperienced Sebastian, nor actuated by that indifference to life which left Stukeley without a wish to estimate danger, nor constitutionally careless of every thing beyond present enjoyment, like the prior of Crato, foresaw much to apprehend from the inadequacy of their armament. A thousand gallant vessels, with their bravery of tackling and of sails, made a noble shew in the bay; and twenty thousand troops, in all the gloss of unstained arms, and unbroken spirits, presented an imposing spectacle to the gaze of enthusiasts. But what were these in reality, when contrasted with perhaps more than a hundred thousand enemies upon their own ground? De Castro's prophetic heart ached in the midst of general exultation.

The various regiments were now embarking: as they marched along the shore the sun flamed upon their banners and

coats of mail; the inspiring trumpet resounded from all the neighbouring echoes; pealing bells rung joyously from the city; and at intervals the discharge of ordnance from adjacent forts, was seen to shake the ships and the hills.

Impatient to be the first embarked, Sebastian rode eagerly through his people, amid their shouts and blessings, as if returning in triumph; his youth, his personal graces, and the imposing dignity of his cause, made every heart follow him. As he leaped into the boat which was to bear him to the royal galley, he uncovered his head, and waving aloft his flowing helmet, seemed to be commending Portugal to the protection of Heaven. By his side stood his favourite page, and the Duke of Barcelos, two young sons of the Duchess of Braganza, his near kinswoman, and next heir to the crown: their tender childhood and gallant mien, their sweet faces, yet wet with a mother's tears, caused a momentary pang in the multi-

tude, but the sunny look of the King brightened regret into exultation, and loud acclamations pursued the track of his departing boat.

In a few hours more, the whole army was embarked, and then the fleet weighing anchor, sailed out of the Tagus. Prosperous winds swelled their sails to Cadiz, where they waited awhile for the promised succours from Philip II. the Duke of Medina Sidonia feasted the King and the knights there, with a munificence little inferior to royalty. After a week's delay the expected supplies arrived; they consisted but of two thousand foot soldiers: the enraged Sebastian would have sent them back to his dissembling uncle, had not the Duke of Medina found some plausible excuse for his master's conduct, and faithfully promised further aid in his name.

Quickly irritated, and as easily appeased, the ingenuous monarch believed this hollow apology, and returning the cour-

teous entertainment of his host by conferring on him an order of knighthood, re-embarked with his army for the shores of Africa.

The Portuguese fleet crossed the mouth of the streights, and passing within sight of Cape Spartel, coasted along as far as Tangier, where Sebastian, with his English friend Stukeley, were landed, and the remaining troops under Diego de Souza, and Antonio of Crato, proceeded to the fortress of Arzile.

The Moorish princes Muley Hamet and his brother-in-law, Cid Albuquerque, were at Tangier, with a few armed followers, to receive the king of Portugal : they delivered into his hands hostages for their fidelity, conjuring their Christian ally not to listen to the deceptive representations of the Xeriff Muley Moloch, whose ambassador was now arrived at the fortress. Sebastian re-assured them, though he could not refuse the Moorish envoy, an audience.

On being admitted to the royal presence, the African delivered a letter from his master, wherein moderation and spirit were admirably blended. This letter declared the Xeriff prepared in all points for war, and ready to meet it; but while he made such a declaration, he besought Don Sebastian to weigh well the value of men's lives ere he rashly threw away his own and those of his subjects: he described with terrible simplicity the immensity of his resources, and the number of his armies, proving the improbability of success, though the Portuguese King were at the head of 20,000 heroes. Having exhorted him to spare to his people those virtues of his, that were yet only in the bud of blooming youth, he entered into a full discussion of his own pretensions and those of Hamet; by this discussion he laboured to shew that his right to the crowns of Fez and Morocco, was superior to that of his nephew; and that even were it otherwise, the latter had forfeited his

claim by acts of cruelty and oppression. To secure peace, and the friendship of the christians, he offered Don Sebastian undisturbed possession of every fortress in Africa that ever had belonged or did now belong to Portugal, and he promised to add to each of them, a moderate tract of arable land.

After pressing this proposal upon the young monarch, he once more conjured him to weigh well the real interest of his subjects; concluding with a sentiment memorable in a despotic prince.

“ You know, great prince, (or ought to know) that the regal power allotted us, makes us common servants of our creator; then of those people whom we govern; so that observing the duties we owe to God, we deliver blessings to mankind: in providing for the public good of our states we magnify the honour of God; like the celestial bodies, which, though they have much veneration, yet serve only to the benefit of the world. It is the excellen-

cy of our office to be the instruments whereby happiness is delivered to nations.”

Negotiation upon a proposal of this kind, so inadequate to the grand object of Sebastian, was not likely to meet with his concurrence: he bade the ambassador bear his refusal to Muley Moloch, with an expression of regret that such noble sentiments were not the production of a lawful and a christian ruler. He then dismissed the ambassador, and went with Sir Thomas Stukeley to examine the state of the fortress.

Stukeley was now become as dear, as he had ever appeared admirable, to this warm-hearted sovereign: in the close intimacy and domestic habits of a sea-voyage, the amiable parts of the Englishman's character gradually disclosed themselves; and their tastes and principles proving consonant, the partiality of Sebastian increased so much, as to lead him into a disclosure, which had more of friendship

than of justice in it. This respected the disposal of Barbary.

Every one presumed that in the event of a conquest, Sebastian would yield the empire of Morocco to Muley Hamet, and be himself crowned king of Fez: but he had long resolved to prove the disinterestedness of his motives, by awarding the throne of Fez to him who should most distinguish himself in the expedition. To rescue the Moors from ignorance and infidelity, by giving them a christian monarch and christian teachers, was the chief aim of his enterprise: unsullied honour was the only wreath he sought to preserve for his own brow.

By entrusting the secret to Stukeley, Sebastian unconsciously meant to give additional energy to his friend's arms, and to secure for him the new monarchy: our gallant countryman received this information with grateful enthusiasm; but unwilling to take an unfair advantage of his competitors, besought the king to commu-

nicate it to all his nobles, when they should join the grand army.

Such generous conduct increased Sebastian's esteem; he freely granted the request, adding—"They will all have my good wishes for their success, but you, Stukeley, will have my prayers."

Orders were now issued for the Moorish forces under Muley Hamet, and the Portuguese who had disembarked at Tangier with their king, to be ready for marching to -Arzile: there, the whole strength of their little army was concentrated.

A tedious march along a hot and arid coast, produced sickness among the soldiery; when they reached the main body, under Don Diego de Souza, they found it somewhat enfeebled through the same cause: but a spirit of enterprize still animated every breast; and as the immediate siege of Larache was determined upon, a military council was called for the purpose of ascertaining whether it were most

advisable to proceed directly by land, through an enemy's country, to the destined siege, or to re-embark and proceed thither by sea.

At this suggestion of prudence, the rash monarch took fire: he had not yet learned to separate true valour from that vain contempt of danger which makes a man put his life to the hazard for an inadequate object, or for the attainment of a good, attainable by less perilous means: he vehemently protested against the latter measure, and his experienced commanders were silenced without being convinced.

During the king's stay at Tangier, his officers at Arzile had had time to learn the exact strength of the enemy, and what dependence was to be placed on the succours so largely promised by Hamet. Don Emanuel de Castro now ventured in council to address his sovereign, informing him that their Moorish ally had grossly exaggerated his ability and the inclina-

tions of the Africans, as they appeared mostly unanimous in defence of the present Xeriff's authority. That intrepid old man, he said, was now sick of a fever, but was yet rapidly approaching at the head of a hundred thousand men ; fresh armies were forming in the rear and flank of the christians ; and should these succeed in turning their other wing, (which they might easily do, if the Portuguese were marched inland towards Larache,) so surrounded and cut off from their fleet, destruction must follow. He therefore suggested the propriety of extreme caution. At this remark the king frowned, and issued decisive orders for proceeding to the river Lucos, (upon which stood the fortress) and fording it, though in the mouth of the enemy's cannon.

“ If we begin to think of defeat, or of providing for our own security,” he said sternly, to De Castro, “ we are lost !—we have nothing to oppose to this ocean of Moors that you talk of, but the belief that

we are invincible.—Give us only the *enthusiasm* of our ancestors, and the glorious field of Ourique will no longer stand unrivalled in the imperishable page of history.”

De Castro granted the justice of this reliance upon the omnipotence of opinion; yet a lurking suspicion of the Moorish Prince Hamet, made him foresee ultimate disappointment: he pointed out several traits in the infidel's conduct, which indicated jealousy of the Christians, and Sebastian admitting their force, promised to observe him narrowly.

The army now began its march towards Larache, and halted between Arzile and Alcazar-quiver.—To proceed without a decisive engagement, was become impossible; for the Xeriff's force, consisting of sixty thousand horse and forty thousand foot, had advanced by forced marches from Morocco into Fez, secured the passage of the Lucos, and suddenly shewn themselves, encamped in the plains of

Alcazar.—Don Sebastian was for immediately advancing to give them battle; but against this step Muley Hamet opposed many plausible arguments: he proposed that the Portuguese should draw nearer to the coast, where, in case of extremity, they might be received into their ships; by throwing up entrenchments, they could there bid defiance to any assault, and would be secured from every species of want, by supplies of ammunition and provisions from the fleet.

“And for what is this delay proposed, now?”—cried the astonished Sebastian, “are we to abandon our enterprize even on the threshold? are we to shrink from the very difficulties we have courted, and fly before an enemy with whom we have not exchanged a single blow? do you think we came only to *look* at your countrymen?—In the name of God, prince, what coward’s counsel is this?”

Dissembling his rage at the indiscreet anger of the young King, Hamet coolly

replied, that Muley Moloch was now master of all the fords and passages of the Lucos, from the ocean to the mountains of Benzeroel, that consequently an attempt to force these would be the attempt of madmen, since their troops were already fainting with a long sultry march, and nearly destitute of provisions: by avoiding an engagement for at least some days, they would give time for the arrival of King Philip's promised succours, and might be further re-inforced by deserters from the usurper Moloch.

Perceiving his aim at last, and transported out of all patience, the unreflecting Sebastian forgot every thing but indignation: he started from his seat with a look of fierce defiance, crying out, "away with such dissembling! Moor, I can read your heart:—you would do without the aid of the Christians. In a few days, perhaps hours, you expect death to rid you of your uncle, and give you these kingdoms by some political trick—

then would our treaty, aye and our safety, be left to your honour!—but thank heaven, my brave Portuguese are not to be thus trifled with!—we shall march forward; if without you, for ourselves,—for the release of christian captives—for the sake of the blessed cross; if with you, for your advantage as well as for our own,—and with a conscientious resolution to preserve *our* share in the compact inviolate.

“ Prince ! we are in sight of the enemy—behold me draw this sword, which I swear by the virgin mother of Jesus, never to sheathe till it has cut my way through yonder host !”

A sublime sternness sat on the brow of the young warrior while he spoke: in one moment the clashing of swords and the murmur of vows were heard throughout the assembly; as if electrified with the same fire, all the knights followed his chivalric example.

Hamet was silent: at length he bowed

before the royal seat, saying in a subdued voice, "light of thy people, thou hast not interpreted my zealous caution with the usual charity of a Christian: let my actions speak for me!—I will follow thee unto death."

"Prove that I have wronged thee, Hamet!" returned Sebastian, with a relenting smile, "and thou shalt find me more prompt to repair, than I have been to commit, this injury."

Muley Hamet bowed submissively again; the clouds of passion and suspicion then fled from the face of the King, and demanding his officer's attention, he proceeded to hear their separate opinions upon the subject under discussion.

Experienced and inexperienced, now decided on Sebastian's side; even De Castro voted for giving battle to the Xeriff. Conduct that would have been prudent at Arzile, became cowardice at Alcazar: to begin retreating towards the coast, seemed at this period more hazard-

ous than to risk an engagement; for in the former case, an enormous army hanging upon their rear, might harrass their retreat, and at last make an easy prey of the famished and fatigued soldiers: by the former plan the Portuguese would preserve a chance of victory, or at least secure to themselves honourable graves.

Gratified with his council, and pleasingly surprised 'to find Don Emanuel urgent for action, Sebastian graciously acknowledged that pleasure, and paying a just tribute to his rival's warlike talents, resolved thenceforth only to remember his services.—He now gave him his hand with a look so effulgently expressive, that De Castro's tranquil countenance became agitated with unexpected pleasure; he bent his knee to the ground, and ventured to put his lips respectfully to the hand that had been given him;—Sebastian suffered it to remain awhile in his grasp—then calling his knights to their posts,

hastened out to reconnoitre and to marshal his troops.

All was now animation in the Portuguese camp; dauntless hearts, hot with religious zeal, made them eager for engagement: the King went at night from tent to tent, encouraging his men, and rousing their emulation by proclaiming his intention of instituting a new order upon that day, should Heaven bless his arms: to the highest distinction in this novel institution, even the humblest soldier might aspire, and be enrolled in the same proud list with his commander. From the private's quarters he returned to his own tent, where assembling his officers, he imparted the magnificent prize destined for *their* reward:—the crown of Fez!

How does the outward lustre of a crown dazzle all eyes, and blind them to its thorny lining! ambition, more potent even than love, sees no defect in its object, but

grasps at it with the avidity of a soul certain of seizing beauty!—The nobles round King Sebastian looked at each other for awhile without speaking; then actuated by the same spirit, cast themselves at his feet in a transport of gratitude; their tumultuous and lavish protestations infused confidence into their sovereign, whose breast beat with the certainty of success: dismissing them soon after, he threw himself upon his palliass, for a few hours repose.

To sleep was impossible: Sebastian counted the night watches with impatience, and just as morning broke, had the mortification to hear rain falling heavily upon the roof of his tent: he leaped up, and hurried into the air.—The dawn was now beginning to glimmer over the extensive camp of the enemy, but the sky was moist and dark: to commence an attack under such circumstances would be fruitless; the showers blew directly in the face of his army, and would render their can-

non and arquebusses, almost useless ;— he was therefore forced to command a suspension of his orders.

After two hours of incessant rain, the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone out with intense heat:—the King then hastily roused his page (Diego of Braganza,) whose childish hands trembled while they clasped the rivets of his master's vant-brace.

“What! you tremble my little cousin?”—said he, stroaking his fair hair, and smiling more tenderly than sportively.

“With impatience, Sire, not fear.”—replied the blushing boy.—Sebastian gave him a hasty embracé; “thou hast the soul of a soldier!” he cried, “if I fall to day, may thy race sit on the throne of Portugal.”

“I would rather see a son of your majesty's seated there:” answered the intrepid child—“it is not my ambition to be a King; but I wish to make myself greater

than an ordinary King:—I would willingly *live worthily, and die nobly!*”

“Thou wilt do both, then, my brave cousin!” exclaimed Sebastian, “brief or lengthened, thy career will be glorious, for that sentiment contains a life of magnanimity.”

They were now issuing from the tent: Don Diego ventured to remark his King’s imprudence in wearing armour of a colour, which being held almost sacred by the Mahometans, would sharpen their resentment, and enable them to take a surer note of his person. “I chose it for that very purpose;” replied the monarch, “not to insult them, indeed, but to be easier distinguished by friend and foe.—besides, Diego, green is the colour of hope.”

Sebastian now left his tent, and put his troops in motion. If the genius of Portugal could be supposed to have beheld them from the heights of Benzeroel, tears such as immortals shed, might have flow-

ed from her eyes: the flower of her nobles and of her peasantry, were now gaily marching to certain death.

For the first time since the foundation of their monarchy, the private soldiers were stimulated by the prospect of chivalric honour, and their leaders by the chance of a crown:—following their royal general both as their King and their benefactor, the glow of virtuous emulation was on every cheek, and in every heart.

The army, drawn up in three lines, now halted on the plain of Alcazar: De Castro and Stukeley had the glory of leading the vanguard, which consisted wholly of volunteers; the Portuguese infantry were in the center, and the rear under Don Diego De Souza; on the right wing were the Moorish horse of Muley Hamet, and the squadrons of count Vimiosa; on the left were the royal standard, the banner of the cross, and the flower of the Portuguese cavalry; round these, were seen the

young dukes of Barcelos, Contiuho, and D'Aveyro, the counts Villa-real, Ridondo, and Norogno, the bishops of Coimbra and Porto, and lastly, the prior of Crato.

Attended by his favorite page, the King was seen with his beaver up, mounted on a white Arabian, riding along the lines, and animating his men to the charge. His emerald-green armour, (on which the sun now sparkled) and the white plume of his helmet, (now lifted by rising winds) rendered him fatally conspicuous.

Meanwhile the Moors were steadily advancing, with all the pomp of gaudy banners and magnificent attire: in the midst of a chosen band was seen the litter of their sick, but intrepid Xeriff.

A hundred thousand armed men, approaching in the form of a crescent, gradually extending their wings to outstretch and inclose a handful of Christians, made a formidable appearance: momentarily checking his horse, Sebastian looked at them with some portion of that awe which

a vast and powerful object excites, but without one throb of apprehension, he believed himself under the immediate protection of an approving Providence!

Suddenly the Moorish music began to play, and their troops advanced with a quicker step: the king of Portugal rode to the left of his little band, and placing himself before the royal-standard, bade his lords remember that they fought for a crown. "I, for a heavenly one, and for Gonsalva!" he whispered to himself, hastily darting his eye athwart the mingled banners of the cross, and of Portugal.

The two armies were now so near each other, that the Portuguese could distinctly see the Xeriff assisted from his litter to a horse; age and sickness had enfeebled his body, but his energetic soul was yet unimpaired. In the act of haranguing his men, he appeared slowly riding through the lines, with flowing robes, and a long white beard, which gave him a majestic air: Sebastian pitied his infirmi-

ties, and beheld his grey locks with reverence; he commanded his followers to spare, and to respect Muley Moloch, should he fall into their hands, and then he gave the signal for battle.

A general discharge of artillery began the action: the Portuguese horse charged with impetuosity, their young King, like a destroying angel, leading them on: his terrible looks, and still more terrible arm, scattered the infidels on every side. Stukeley and De Castro's track resembled the path of lightning; for by the blue gloom of their steely armour they were distinguished afar off, flaming through the dark ranks of the enemy.

The Moors assaulted with all the fury of religious hate, and all the fire of chivalry, gave way in every direction; their nobles fell in heaps under the arrows, the swords, and the artillery, of the christians: frantic with despair, Muley Moloch exerted the remaining spark of life in an attempt to rally them; he spurred his

horse, and brandishing a massy scymitar, aimed a blow at Don Antonio of Crato: that effort was his last; he fell dead upon the field.

His body-guard with difficulty rescued their master's corpse from the Portuguese, and conveyed it to the litter, where his death was concealed from the army; but the hoisting of a particular pendent over the litter, by one of his ministers, who had secretly corresponded with the Xeriff Hamet, gave the signal so long waited for by that perfidious wretch. He had hitherto hung back in the action; now, he ordered his troops to turn their arms upon their allies.

At this command, the left wing of the Moorish horse wheeled round, and took the christians in flank; a dreadful carnage ensued: the brave Portuguese amazed, bewildered, not knowing who were or were not their enemies, fought in darkness; even their German and Castillian auxiliaries shared the fate of the treacher-

ous infidels, for they now dealt the strokes of death without discrimination: the presence of their king all hacked and bleeding, only increased their consternation.

At this critical juncture, Stukeley appeared; waving his fiery sword as a call for them to rally, and aim at conquest still, he broke through the squadrons of Muley Hamet, like some tremendous comet that traverses the wilds of æther, scattering terror and dismay over nations. He rushed towards the traitor: Hamet read destruction in the deadly eyes of the Englishman, and took to flight; Stukeley followed; his indignant threats sounded through the field: gaining upon the Xeriff, he was aiming a mortal blow at him, when the affrighted wretch threw himself into a rivulet which crossed their path, and borne down by the weight of his robes and armour, perished ingloriously. Stukeley looked at him for a moment with scornful disappointment, then turned towards the fight.

But he was now surrounded by a host of assailants: their merciless weapons fell on his head, his shoulders, his limbs; he turned from side to side, alternately parrying and receiving wounds. Fighting his way to a ruined watch tower, he placed his back against it, and defended himself with determined intrepidity; till at length, bleeding at every pore, and exhausted with exertion, his resistance became fainter and fainter. He staggered and sunk down. The dying hero cast his eyes around as if in search of his friend, the next moment they closed for ever. Thus fell the gallant Sir Thomas Stukeley, in the bloom of manhood, in a foreign land!

Meanwhile, Don Sebastian was attempting to regain the advantage of the day: a short contest convinced him that it was no longer for victory, but for safety, they must fight; of all his troops, there remained only a remnant, but he bravely resolved rather to die than to desert them.

Antonio, and the dukes of Barcelos and Aveyro, were taken prisoners; De Castro was sinking under many wounds: the King himself was disabled in one shoulder by a musquet shot, and was besides smarting with sword-cuts: two horses had already been killed under him, and after fighting some time on foot, one of his officers had now mounted him upon a third.

Again, he charged the enemy with a few gallant troops; again his powerful arm scattered the Moors like dust before a mighty wind. Streaming with blood; De Castro followed his glorious path. That faithful Noble (who had appeared throughout the whole of the battle, to think only of his sovereign's honour, his sovereign's safety) now interposed his body between him and destruction: the battle-axe of an infidel was raised to fall on the unarmed head of Sebastian, when Don Emanuel rushed forward, and sprung on the Moor; dashing down his lifted

weapon, he grasped his body and grappled with him till they both fell: Sebastian threw himself off his horse, and valiantly defended him; but the Moors pouring in at every side, like so many torrents, forcibly swept the brave friends asunder, and De Castro was taken.

The fight now turned into a slaughter: the Germans and Castillians were all cut in pieces, the knights and nobles lay in heaps over the plain, and among the vast army of Moors, but a solitary Portuguese was here and there to be seen vainly combatting for life.

Retreating towards the river, (allured by a distant figure like Sir Thomas Stukeley's) Sebastian met his standard-bearer with the colours wrapped round his body; animated with the remembrance of Donna Gonsalva, the King exclaimed, "Brave Brito! let us die upon these."

Scarcely had he spoken, when a body of infidels rushed tumultuously towards them; Sebastian fought with the despe-

ration of love; De Brito and the colours were taken and re-taken repeatedly; but alas! the strength of the former, was exhausted, and his single arm could no longer encircle a faithful servant with protection. De Brito more solicitous to save his king than to obey him, contested at last but faintly, and suffered himself to be surrounded.

The Moors, clamourous in disputing the honour of having gained the royal-standard, hurried off their prisoner, regardless of a solitary individual covered with dust and blood, evidently on the point of sinking amongst the slain.

Fortunately for Sebastian, these accidental circumstances, together with the loss of his coronetted helmet and his horse, concealed him from suspicion: he remained standing where they had left him, supporting himself with difficulty upon the fragment of his sword. His strength now ebbed apace: the blood pouring from a large cut on his head,

and oozing through the scarf with which his arm was bound, sickened and enfeebled him ; his very thoughts partook of the mortal languor creeping over all his senses : a confusion of images, of Gonsalva, of Stukeley, of his page Diego, swam through his brain ; he staggered a few paces, fell, and breathed no more !

C H A P. IV.

AFTER the battle of Alcazar, there remained but fifty of the Portugueze troops alive in Africa: most of these were prisoners to the Moors, and the remainder gaining with difficulty the christian fortresses, at length escaped homewards. The Moors in return lost above one-fifth of their gigantic army, but the pillage of the christian camp, (filled with all the riches of the East and West,) amply atoned, in their opinion, for such a loss.

This memorable battle lasted from morning till long after mid-day, and the sacking of the field of fight, continued till the next morning's dawn.

While the infidels were thus employed, a benevolent dervise, whose piety was his authority and his protection, came to seek

for such christians as might yet remain capable of receiving assistance : on the bank of the Lucos, among a heap of tall Lentiscos, he caught a gleam of light as if the moon-beams fell upon arms : the dervise stooped, and pushing away the shrubs, applied his lanthorn to the object. It was the figure of a young man, in armour, which bore marks of heavy and repeated blows ; over his forehead curled a profusion of hair steeped in blood ; the white and polished brow was trenched with a gaping wound, and the countenance lovely in death, was yet embellished by a look of youthful sweetness, which melted the good Mahometan's heart ; he knelt by the body, and gently raising it, dropped balsam upon the wounds ; he then poured a cordial into the lips.

Presently he thought the brows were contracted with returning sensation : animated by this, he cautiously unfastened the knight's cuirass, and opened the silk shirt e. . . . th it ; under this he saw the picture

of a woman, which carefully putting aside, he exclaimed, "alas! poor youth, here is one, doubtless, that will sorely lament thee!" As he spoke he gently rubbed an aromatic liquid upon the christian's chest; the experiment succeeded; by degrees the motion of the heart was apparent—it increased—the body began to glow—and at last the stranger visibly breathed.

Many minutes elapsed ere the benevolent mussulman saw the object of his anxiety unclothe his eyes; when he did so, he knew not that in succouring a desolate stranger, he was bringing back to life the king of Portugal, that foe to Mahomet.

Sebastian felt as if in a dream, but the last feeling to which he had been conscious when he fell, was now the first he was sensible of: he thought himself still pressing towards the river in search of Stukeley, and impressed with that idea, uttered his name, and made an effort to rise. Too feeble for exertion of any kind, he fell back upon the breast of the

dervise, who in bad Portuguese assured him that he was in safety.

The unfortunate monarch bowed his head with a mournful smile of bitter recollection, without speaking. Meanwhile a servant attending the dervise, formed a litter of oak-branches, covering it with some of these soft, high grasses, which grow abundantly throughout Barbary, and placing Sebastian upon it, assisted his master in bearing him to their dwelling.

This was a retired cave formed by nature's hand in a rock almost wholly overgrown with flowering shrubs; the entrance was shaded by lofty sycamores, and above it was heard the cooling sound of waters issuing from numerous springs.

Tranquillity, the tranquillity of perfect solitude, surrounded this habitation; Sebastian found himself conveyed through one rocky apartment, into an interior cell where he was laid upon a mattress, and having some weak cordial given to him,

left to repose: his enfeebled powers overcome with this simple nourishment, soon sunk into the blessed oblivion of sleep.

The dervise now and then came to watch his slumbers, but staid not to disturb them: whenever his patient awaked, he administered to him small portions of Tourkia bread melted in wine, (which was easily swallowed thus dissolved) and gently replacing his head upon the cushion of the mattrass, watched to see him sink again into his medicinal slumber.

The sun was at its meridian height the next day, when the king of Portugal fully awoke: the good mussulman sat by his bed-side. "How dost thou feel, my son?" he asked with an air of compassion.

Sebastian drew a sigh from the very depths of his heart. "As one," he said, after a long pause; "as one deprived of all that makes life precious. Tell me, father, what have become of the christians? I have yet one Portuguese in Africa?"

“ Alas, my son !” replied the dervise, they are all slain or taken captives ; but the great Muley Moloch is fallen—the Xeriffs who fought against him, are also dead ; and now his brother reigns in Morocco.”

Sebastian answered by a heavy groan, and threw himself back upon his mattress: the slaughter of his people, pierced him with unutterable grief ; though the consciousness of pious motives, and the certainty that treachery alone had produced defeat, served to reconcile him to himself.

Oppressed with apprehensions for the fate of Stukeley, and overcome with the remembrance of many of his followers whom he had loved, and had seen fall, the unhappy King uttered such deep and doleful groans, that the dervise believing him concerned at the prospect of slavery, bade him be of good cheer, and rest assured that he was still free.

“ You are not fallen into the hands of a master, but of a friend,” said the aged

man, "I will but detain you, Sir Knight, till I have healed your wounds, and then, with the blessing of our holy prophet, we will journey together to the castle of Tangier: it will not be the first time that Abensallah has conducted an unhappy christian to his countrymen."

"And art thou a Mahometan?" exclaimed Sebastian, half raising himself with surprise, "how is it that thou breathest the very spirit of our benevolent faith?"

"The same God which spake through the lips of thy *Sidie Messika*," replied the dervise, "inspires the hearts of all good men: besides, we venerate thy prophet's moral laws, though Mahomet, a greater prophet than he, arose to outshine his brightness, as he had before outshone that of Moses. We are not so unlike in our faith, young soldier, but we might live in brotherhood on the earth. Would to God! that thy king, Sebastian, had studi-

ed his prophet's laws more, and his spiritual superior's less !”

“ Hold, Moor !” cried the King, “ I must not hear you impeach the authority of the representative of St. Peter.”

“ Ah, my son !” returned the old man, shaking his grey locks, “ dost thou not remember, that when this Peter struck off the ear of Malchus, though in defence of his Lord's sacred person, thy prophet rebuked his zeal, bidding him put up the sword ! How, then, dare the pontiff of Rome turn his sheep-hook into a weapon of offence ?”

Struck with the force of this remark, which he was not prepared to answer, and disdaining to parry it, by retorting the bloody intolerance of Mahometanism, Sebastian was silent.

The dervise continued: “ But let us not talk of our different creeds at this period ; thou art sick and weak, and I should think of thy suffering body.”

The good man then dressed his companion's wounds afresh, and spread before him palm leaves filled with fruit, together with a cordial drink and some Pharouk bread : by moderately partaking of these, the King was so refreshed, that he found himself able to rise, and walk up and down the cell. As he walked, he conversed courteously with Abensallah, though his discourse was mingled with many sighs, and he frequently lost himself in other thoughts.

The dervise noted his dejected looks with benevolent curiosity. "Thou hast lost, I fear, some dear kinsman in this fatal battle—some brother, or father, perhaps ; and thy young heart not yet enured to sorrow."—

"O, dervise!" exclaimed Sebastian, bursting into an agony of grief, "every living soul in the christian army were to me like fathers and brothers. My countrymen, my brave countrymen ! when you marched on so gallantly, could I have fore-

seen that I was leading you to ——,” he stopped, then suddenly actuated by one of his rash impulses, abruptly added—“Abensallah, you see before you, Sebastian of Portugal.”

The dervise prostrated himself at his feet, “Young monarch, I bow to the lord’s anointed! thy misfortunes are thy security. Let the conduct of Abensallah teach thee hereafter to believe that there may be charity among mussulmen.”

Inexpressibly affected, the King motioned for him to rise, “Abensallah,” he said, squeezing his hand between both his, “Africa has already taught me a lesson I shall never forget: but I did not wage war against your prince from a false notion that he ruled over miscreants. I was actuated by zeal for that religion which, by limiting the prerogative of kings and the obedience of subjects, bestows equal blessings upon both. I would have conquered Africa to have freed her people from tyrannical rulers and tyrannical

errors, to have afforded them opportunities of understanding our holy faith; not to have established a new despotism, and swayed with the iron mace of persecution—these ardent hopes are over; you see me here a fugitive, but with God's leave, a King still.

As Sebastian spoke the last words, a noble imperiousness sat on his youthful brow, his heart swelled with it, but quickly sunk again at recollection of his companions in arms.

Anxious to learn the fate of Stukeley, he besought the dervise to assist him in ascertaining whether he were dead, or captive; by searching the field of battle he hoped to arrive at some certainty. Abensallah in vain remonstrated against this hazardous enterprize, but no arguments availed with the still imprudent Sebastian; he was therefore reluctantly induced to propose their going on the night of the ensuing day, when all the Moors would be engaged in the celebration

of one of their feasts, and the Portuguese monarch might perhaps pass unnoticed in the dress of a servant.

During the remainder of the day, Sebastian carefully attended to all the prescriptions of the dervise, he went soon to rest, and at break of day rose to breathe the air in safety at the mouth of the cave.

But two short days before, how differently had the king of Portugal beheld morning dawn!—then at the head of a gallant army, surrounded by zealous friends, strong in youth, health, and hope: now, a solitary fugitive, like some desolate wretch escaped from ship-wreck or an earth-quake, sunk in despondency, and reduced to infantine feebleness.

As the light spread over the distant plain of Alcazar, and the grey mists rose, from the stream of the Lucos, he could not refrain from shedding some tears, they were sacred to the sorrows of all who had lost friends on that luckless field: his softened heart then turned fondly to the

image of Gonsalva, a treasure which yet remained to comfort him under affliction. Its heavenly beauty, the dewy smile which sat upon the lips, the tearful tenderness of the eyes to which a skilful painter had given all the effect of sadness, renovated his fainting spirit ; he kissed it repeatedly, exclaiming, “ At sight of thee, will not all this be forgotten ? ”

The appearance of the dervise, checked this lover-like weakness, he concealed his picture, and advanced to meet him.

They proceeded together along a narrow valley, formed by the rocks near the cavern, where frequently resting awhile, they breathed the refreshing air of the trees, and gently returned homeward.

Whenever Abensallah and his servant went to their devotions in the mosque of a neighbouring village, he fastened the entrance of his dwelling, to prevent the intrusion of ill-intentioned persons : he now left his christian guest, with many intreaties that he would recruit his

strength with frequent nourishment, and continue to inhale the fumes of Taus Argent, a fragrant weed which in those days was esteemed, when burned, sovereign for inward weakness.

Left a whole day alone, the King had leisure to revolve over the extraordinary revolution of his fate: the uprightness of his intentions (for it must be remembered that he measured his conduct by the rules of the church of Rome) seemed to warrant him in believing, that had not the treachery of Hamet interposed, his arms must have been successful, and half Africa rescued from its tyrants: he did not therefore account himself suffering under the wrath of Heaven, confident of whose favor he was again ready to risk his crown and his life if required. The kindness of the dervise appeared little less than a miracle worked for his preservation, and he fondly trusted therefore, that his present misfortunes were but passing trials.

Of the possibility of being betrayed by

Abensallah he never once thought, convinced that the man who has performed one act of solid benevolence is incapable of being tempted by any reward to an act of baseness.

As returning strength and calmer reflection continued to banish the gloomy impressions under which he had first entered Abensallah's cave, his spirit rose with his hopes; he felt as if he could hazard unheard-of perils for the sake of regaining Portugál, and ransoming his captive soldiers. Fain would the sanguine monarch have persuaded himself that most of his troops had escaped to the sea-coast; but amongst these he could not hope to find Stukeley.—Stukeley, who had sworn to follow him either into slavery or death!—

“And my poor little cousin!” he exclaimed aloud, “What is become of him?—Ah noble boy, thou hast gained thy wish perhaps!—yet surely these barbarians would not kill a child!”—he

sighed profoundly as he spoke, for his heavy heart denied the confidence of his words.

Racked with fearful impatience, to him the day seemed insufferably long: his devotions were merely short ejaculations breathed over a plain cross of the order of Christus, which he had worn under his cuirass, yet never at the foot of the golden crucifix in the church of his ancestors, and surrounded by all the religious in Portugal, had he prayed with such warmth or sincerity.

Abensallah did not appear to interrupt his meditations, till night was begun: cautiously entering, he crossed the first chamber, and advancing to the interior cell, saw with satisfaction that his guest was safe. "Alla be praised!" he exclaimed, "I had fears for thee my son; for the robbers of the mountains sometimes plunder even the dwellings of poor solitaries.—We may now venture forth; every one is enjoying the last hours of

their feast, and we are, sure to pass unseen."

Sebastian gratefully thanked him, and taking off the coarse vest and cloak with which the dervise had replaced his uneasy coat of mail, exchanged them for the still meaner attire of Ismael the servant. At the mouth of the valley he saw a mule tied to a tree, which Abensallah had provided for him to ride; this humane attention touched the King; he was, indeed, ill able to walk far, but it cost him an effort to accept such accommodation, when the venerable man had no other support than his staff.

It may truly be said, that at the period which brought him to the knowledge of Abensallah, Sebastian first tasted the sweet bitterness of obligation.—Gratitude is a sentiment unknown to Kings; for having all things in their power, they learn to believe that they have a right to command all things. Sebastian, now stripped of that power, began to feel the

original equality of man, and found his heart warmed by a perception of pure benevolence, hitherto unknown: from this perception flowed nobler notions of human nature in general, which made him welcome his new emotion of gratitude, not only as honorable but delightful.

The moon shone cloudless above the rocks and rivulets which lay between the cave and Alcazar; brightening the tops of the high palms, while the ground beneath their branches was thrown into deep shadow. Some fortresses, (visible from afar,) gave an air of warlike severity to the scene. Sebastian proceeded in silence, for his thoughts were now busied with mournful anticipations: Abensallah spoke not, and nothing disturbed the universal stillness but remote bursts of rejoicing from the Moorish villages.

As they moved among steep and thickly-wooded hills, a new and horrid sound made the King pause, and look enquiringly at the dervise: "That comes from amidst

the unburied slain ;” Abensallah falteringly observed—“ It is the howling of hyenas and tygers.” While speaking, he took a small harquebuss from under his garment, and prepared to load it.

For the first time in his life Sebastian’s cheek was completely blanched and his nerves shaken ; the ghastly image those words had raised, momentarily unmanned him, but recovering, by a violent effort, he quickened the pace of his mule, and came direct upon the plain of Alcazar.

The moon shining above the arms and armour of the dead, covered them with a sheet of light : Sebastian hastily put his hand to his eyes, and remained a few moments without courage to look again ; but at the explosion of Abensallah’s harquebuss, he raised his head and beheld the beasts of prey which that sound had alarmed, hurrying away, with backward glare from their horrid banquet.

The dervise’s harquebuss was re-loaded and again fired, till every savage ani-

mal had disappeared; he then assisted his shuddering companion to dismount, and having fastened the mule to a tree, supported him across the plain.

Their steps were soon impeded by scattered groups of horses and riders, that had evidently perished in flight: these groups become more frequent, till at length the ground was no where visible.

As Sebastian knelt down among these perishing bodies, his senses were nearly overcome with their noisome exhalations and ghastly appearance: some of them were half devoured by the wolves, and every trace of the *divine image* fearfully effaced: except by their shields and the caparisons of their horses, he could not have known his most intimate associates.

Grief and horror become now too strong for outward expression; Sebastian neither spoke nor sighed, but moved from heap to heap with fixed eyes and a wan cheek: sometimes he forgot his

errand, and remained gazing on a confusion of bodies, banners, and arms, till the voice of the dervise recalled him. "This is a lesson for Kings!"—said Abensallah;—Sebastian shuddered, and at that moment felt as if his single hand had murdered every victim before him: his countenance expressed this sentiment so strongly, that the dervise sought to change the current of his feelings by suggesting, that his friend might have escaped, since they had not yet found his corpse.—Revived by this suggestion, the unfortunate monarch rallied his scattered spirits and proceeded in his painful task.

Advancing a little onward, he stumbled against the venerable bodies of the bishops of Coimbra and Porto, lying together, embracing the staff of a standard, which had belonged to the holy banner: a few paces beyond these, among a heap of swarthy moors,

"Like some white poppy sunk upon the plain,
"Whose heavy head was overcharged with rain,

lay his page, Diego. The noble boy had been killed at the moment his master's Arabian was shot, and now lay stretched out beneath it.

At this piteous sight Sebastian's heart was wrung with an excess of regret; he burst vehemently into tears, and bending to the fair body as he raised it, repeatedly kissed the half-closed eyes: their conversation on the morning of the battle was present to him again.—Vain prophesy! here was its fulfilment!—

Overcome with this recollection, and with the thought of Diego's parents, Sebastian staggered as he arose, and was forced to catch at the dervise for support; another shock awaited him; his eye fell on the mangled body of Count Vimiosa: his limbs now shook violently, and the idea of Donna Gonsalva's grief, displaced every other image. Shocked by his looks, the dervise caught his arm and hurried him away.

Insensible to any outward sensation,

the King suffered himself to be led along, till suddenly starting from his stupor, he found that they were many paces from the slain. Abensallah would not hear of returning, "We must pass three nights there instead of one," said he, before we can examine half that woeful field.—Let us return then, my son, trusting that the same merciful providence which succoured thee, has preserved thy friend. Sorrow and fatigue overcome thee—lean on my shoulder—if we can but reach yonder tower, its walls will shelter us."

Without answering, Sebastian turned his head back and fixed an earnest look upon the wide scene of slaughter behind them: fire kindled on his cheek, and in his eyes:—it suddenly blazed out.—"Accursed beyond hope of mercy," he cried, "is the soul of him whose treachery caused all these to perish! from this plain their blood will cry aloud for vengeance, even at the last dreadful day!"

Exhausted with this momentary trans-

port, the enfeebled monarch suffered his head to fall against the shoulder of Abensallah, who seized the opportunity of drawing him towards a resting place. The watch-tower in ruins, and shaded by high cypress trees, stood dark and noiseless; as they approached it, the sound of their steps alarmed some goats that had lain down there, and they bounded away: in their flight they rolled along a broken helmet, which Sebastian immediately recognized; breaking from Abensallah, he flew to an object under the tower, and beheld the corpse of Stukeley.—Throwing himself on the body and clasping it in his arms, he exclaimed, “O gallant Stukeley, and art thou too, fallen!”

The accidental circumstance of having perished alone, removed from the contagion of other bodies, and sheltered from hot winds by the tower and the trees, had preserved the chivalric Englishman from any change: his features were indeed paler than when in life, but the same

character of wild sublimity was impressed on them. It seemed as if the soul, in quitting its mortal habitation had left there the eternal impress of its own greatness.

The armour of Stukeley was completely rusted with blood, by his side lay a lance shivered to pieces, and his hand still grasped a broken battle-axe.

Abensallah lifted up the helmet his companion had dropped, and saw that it was beat in upon the top, as if with repeated blows of a mace: he gently replaced it on the ground.

Meanwhile Sebastian hung over the remains of his friend in an agony of blasted hopes, bitter retrospections, and unavailing regrets: it was long ere he could command this tide of grief; but recovering by degrees, he rose with a calmer air, and besought the dervise to lend his aid in committing the honored clay to earth.

Without hesitation the charitable Mahometan consented to carry the slaught-

ered warrior to his own dwelling, and there see him peacefully buried.

“ Moor !” exclaimed the young King, with passionate gratitude, “ Should I live to regain my kingdom, and with it my African possessions, your countrymen will owe to you blessings and privileges hitherto unknown.”

Abensallah called on Allah to witness this promise, then hastened away to bring the mule.

When Sebastian was left alone, he threw himself along the ground by Stukeley's body, and remained stedfastly looking on it: the well-known face, the still ruin, the melancholy midnight, and the destructive plain before him, together with the mournful sound of a neighbouring rivulet, deepened the desolate sadness of that moment: he fastened his lips on the chilling hand of his unconscious friend, while the hollow echo of his own sighs rung through the neighbouring chambers.

Abensallah found him in the same mournful attitude. Having assisted each other in placing Stukeley's corse on the mule, they proceeded slowly, by a longer though less toilsome way than they had come, to the rocks.

When they reached the cave, Sebastian was so sick from the fretting of his wounds, that he could with difficulty gain its entrance: Ismael met them, and lifted their lamented burthen into the second chamber. There the king watched it for the remaining hours, while Ismael and the dervise were digging the last bed of the hero.

Two hours after day light the grave was finished. Stukeley was buried with his sword and spurs, as the peculiar badges of knighthood, which was supposed swift to succour and strong to avenge; his body was wrapped in a coarse shroud of Moorish cloth, but his head was uncovered; the thick glossy

hair gave beauty still to the now marble features:—Sebastian thought of the time when he had hoped to have decorated that majestic head with a crown.

When the grave was closed, he placed upon it a rude cross of wood which he had shaped during the night, and kneeling down by it pronounced a prayer for the gallant soul. Abensallah and Ismael moved away.

Rising from his knees, the young King attentively surveyed the place, that he might remember it at a future day; it was particularized by a few marks not easily forgotten: the place itself was a narrow recess turning out of the valley; it was half encircled by perpendicular heights of stupendous steepness, the sides of which were only clothed with mosses, and at their feet flowed an inconsiderable rivulet; towards the lower end grew a cluster of locust trees, between which and the mountain rose Stukeley's grave.—So con-

sealed, it was not likely that any human eye would ever discover or disturb the sacred cross.

Somewhat soothed by this thought, and the consciousness of having performed the last duties to a faithful friend, Sebastian rejoined the dervise with less emotion. "We must now dismiss painful recollections," said the worthy Abensallah, "let us think of nothing, my son, but your perfect recovery and your safe conveyance from Africa.

"Ah father," exclaimed Sebastian, you speak like a man without hopes and without regrets!—Your holy life, exempt from particular affections or selfish wishes, places *you* beyond the reach of that grief which renders it impossible for me *to dismiss painful recollections.*"

"I am not, therefore, free from sorrow:" replied the dervise, "heedless youth! I do mourn—but it is for human nature in general: alas, I mourn more for its frailties than for its miseries."

“ True—true—” repeated Sebastian, smiting his breast—“ you say right, Abensallah ; had we no errors we should have but few sufferings.”

Our dervise, more solicitous to impress humane sentiments than eager to propagate peculiar tenets, seized this opportunity of discoursing with much wisdom upon the duties of a sovereign : his companion listened with attention and replied with frankness.

He detailed with simplicity some of his own plans for diffusing comfort in more equal proportions through all ranks of his subjects, and noted the salutary reforms already made by him in the Portuguese government ; he described the liberal mode in which he had intended to conduct his African conquests, mixing these details with so many just and noble observations, that Abensallah could not help lamenting the battle of Alcazar.

To have lived under the rule of a King (though Christian,) who would have ame-

liorated the Moor's condition by parental care, and sought to win them into schools and churches, without prohibiting their mosques, appeared an object of desire, when compared with the grinding tyranny of their native Xeriffs, and the brutish ignorance to which their laws condemned them.

Abensallah continued to hear his royal guest with that complacent pleasure with which virtuous old age perceives generous principles in youth; but he had lived long enough in the world to know that youth does not always act in conformity with its principles, nay, that its most amiable qualities may be wrought by interested persons into a foundation for the opposite vices. So blindly devoted to the infallibility of papal authority, and so abhorrent of any religion which disputed it, Abensallah rightly doubted whether Sebastian, in the event of complete success, would have persevered in his system of moderation: intolerant per-

secution might have been easily brought to bear the aspect of religious duty, and that commanded or recommended by a spiritual superior, would soon have swept away every barrier opposed by a character naturally candid.

Such reflections as these, by teaching the dervise to consider his companions misfortunes as a necessary discipline, silenced any further regret; yet Sebastian's sweet and animated manner had so won upon his affections, that he could not help exclaiming, "I shall be loth to part with thee, my son; but we shall meet again in paradise."

Touched by such kindness, the king pressed Abensallah to accompany him into Portugal, adding to many arguments the entreaties and promises of a grateful spirit, conscious of possessing in his own dominions the means of fulfilling them all.

"Did I live only for myself, answered the dervise, I should perhaps gladly leave a land where I see nothing but

misery, but the more miserable it is, the more I am called upon to remain. My holy profession, and the peaceful life I lead, gives me frequent opportunities of assisting captives to escape, or of conveying intelligence from them to the Christian fortresses; if the old man of the rocks were gone, what would become of these poor strangers?—Added to this, I am frequently able to terminate the bloody feuds of my countrymen—to restore harmony amongst brethren, and bring back rebellious children to their parents; these are my treasures, King! which would be poorly exchanged for all your benefits. I shall however, bless you daily; and I will preserve from injury the grave of your departed friend.”

At this mention of Stukeley, clouds gathered over the face of Sebastian; making an effort to dispel them, he hastily uttered some grateful expressions, and then discoursed upon the means of dis-

covering such of his subjects as might have survived the battle.

Abensallah promised to make diligent search for such captives, and to use all his influence for their release.

Sebastian squeezed his hand, exclaiming with generous warmth, “Slacken not your exertions Abensallah for the meanest of my people; I stand indebted to every man whom I brought from Portugal for his liberty. If I part with the whole of my revenue, pawn the jewels of my crown, make myself a debtor to half the monarchs in Christendom, and after all, become a beggar throughout my own dominions for contributions and gifts, I will do it to ransom these gallant sufferers.—Should I reach Lisbon, my first step will be to raise money and send it over to the governor of Tangier; from his hands you will then receive whatever sums may be needful.”

“And should I in my inquiry, find Christians of other nations, perhaps aged

men bowed down with sorrow and toil, languishing to die in their native land—”

“Ransom them—ransom them!” interrupted Sebastian, tears glistening in his eyes, “first restore liberty to my Portuguese, for remember, freedom is a debt I owe them—then take all the superflux, and purchase with it happiness for others. There are two noble Portuguese, Abensallah, whom I pray you to search for with a father’s anxiety: one is my dearly-loved cousin, the prior of Crato, the other Don Emanuel de Castro; he saved my life at Alcazar. When you find these, shew them this ring, and say that he who gave it you, is alive, and then I hope, in Portugal.”

“How shall I know these gallant gentlemen?” asked the dervise, “you may know Don Emanuel de Castro,” replied Sebastian, “from all the world: though you should behold him in the vilest habit and employment, yet will

such an air of nobleness shine through them, that you cannot help discovering in him an extraordinary man. He is of larger proportions than I, his visage oval and full of thought, his complexion dark olive, his eyes dark grey, somewhat melancholy but very sweet; on his left hand he has a deep scar, got in the wars of India.

The prior of Crato is of a different mould: though some years older than De Castro, he has preserved almost the roundness and floridness of boyhood; his fair curling hair, light blue eyes, and jovial manner, will soon point him out: he will rejoice to see this ring!—and so will De Castro,” added the King, after a pause, “as it is a token of my safety, he will rejoice, though it was a gift of Gonsalva’s.”

“ ’Tis a fanciful ring for a warrior,” observed the dervise, curiously eying the bauble, which after the gaudy fashion of

those times was formed by various precious stones into a miniature garland of flowers.

“ Oh father !” exclaimed Sebastian, passionately fixing his eyes on it also, “ that ring was given me by the loveliest and most beloved of women.—I have no other token to send to my friends, or I would not part with that—it must serve too, as a pledge for the governor of Tangier: she who gave it knows I would have defended it with my life, and therefore would not resign it but for the sake of fulfilling a duty.”

Hurried away in thought to the beautiful creature whom this incident recalled, Sebastian forgot every thing else and sunk into silence: he dwelt with tender delight upon the unequivocal proof she had given him of her attachment, which bestowed and avowed ere she could suspect his royal station, carried with them the charm of disinterestedness. He then reproached himself for those fantastic jealousies to

which he had sometimes given way, when he saw her dancing with another, and confessed now, that her apparent insensibility at times, had arisen only from a little female coquetry, delighting in power, and willing to prove its extent.

Thus satisfied with her affection, he felt no apprehension of being coldly received, because he returned not a conqueror; the Moors themselves attested his gallant conduct in the field, and the brilliant success of their onset had shewn, that but for the perfidy of Hamet, the day would have been won by the Christians.—What then had he to fear? perhaps given up as lost, he would return to revive his Gonsalva's widowed heart; she would love him the more for his dangers and distresses, and that delicate pride which had stifled the expressions of tenderness to a powerful, splendid monarch, would impel her to the same monarch, become poor and unfortunate.

Observing his guest absorbed in reflec-

tions, which from the expression of his countenance did not appear unpleasant, the worthy Abensallah gently removed into his outer chamber, for the purpose of giving audience to some distressed people who came to implore his counsel.—Meanwhile Sebastian remained leaning on his rude couch, his ideas wandering from late sorrow, over the enchanted ground of the more distant past, till gently wearied, thought glided into dreams, and dreams at last ended in long and profound sleep.

The wounds of Sebastian and his consequent feebleness now daily disappeared, and Abensallah was therefore enabled to make longer excursions from the cave, for the sake of gaining information for his guest: his habitation, always considered sacred, was not likely to excite suspicion as a Christian's hiding place; and even if it did so, the inner apartment was a secure retreat, being so contrived as to deceive the most prying observer.—Ismael's fidelity had been too often tried in similar

circumstances to be doubted now, so that Abensallah left him without apprehension, to attend Sebastian; whom, however, he knew only as a Portuguese knight.

On the good dervise's return from Alcazar-quiver, he brought strange intelligence.—After the fatal battle, Hamet Abdulcrim, the new emperor, had strictly enquired for the King of Portugal; he was told that he had fallen: this assertion having been made by Don Nugno De Mascarenhas, the King's chief equerry, he was sent to the field in order that he might produce a proof of his veracity by finding the King's body.

In the place he described, was indeed found a corpse in green armour, much maimed and disfigured: the Portuguese who saw it, confessed it to be that of their sovereign, and therefore assured Hamet Abdulcrim that any farther search for Sebastian alive, was useless.—Information of his nephew's death was now forwarded to Philip of Spain, (the late Xeriff having

been in alliance with him,) and when Abensallah heard the tale, a messenger from Madrid was hourly expected to beg the body, and to procure the release of some Castillian prisoners.

On first hearing this account, Sebastian's inflammable blood took fire, for he believed himself wilfully abandoned by his people; but the next instant made him cool again. It was impossible not to perceive that Marcarenhas, who had always loved his master, could be only actuated by the desire of facilitating his concealment in Barbary, should he be living, and seeking the means of escape; this well-meant deceit had evidently given a hint to the other persons examined by the Xeriff, and to it, probably Sebastian might finally owe his preservation.

Neither the King nor the dervise could approve of absolute falsehood; though they were tempted to think it excusable, under such peculiar circumstances as the

present, flowing as it did from loyal zeal and patriotic considerations.

Alarmed at the diffusion of such an error throughout Europe, Sebastian's anxiety to revisit Portugal became extreme; but as they must travel on foot, Abensallah assured him that it would be culpable rashness to commence a long journey before he was completely restored to health; Arzile, the nearest Christian fortress, lay at some leagues distance, and to avoid notice, they must take a circuitous route thither, hiding themselves in the day, and proceeding through the changeable air of night.

Sebastian's impatient nature was ill-suited to any delay, but necessity is an imperious mistress; he was therefore obliged to turn his attention towards acquiring health; and by obliging Abensallah on that point, facilitate the hour of their departure.

Each night and morning he now tried

his strength among the mountains, in excursions of increasing length, gradually habituating himself to heat, fatigue, and evening damps: his wounds were at last thoroughly healed, and even the dervise could no longer refuse assent to the fresh glow that began to mantle on his cheek.

Sebastian's eagerness had nobler sources than selfish satisfaction; he lamented every hour thus wasted at a distance from the kingdom where all his duties were centred, he wished to ease the hearts of such as mourned him dead, and above all to commence the promised work of liberation for his followers: it must be confessed that the prospect of again beholding Donna Gonsalva, and of restoring her to happiness, gave additional ardour to those honourable anxieties.

When his importunity finally prevailed on Abensallah to fix the day for their departure, pleasure sparkled in his eyes;

it was the first time pleasure had appeared there since he had seen the dervise.

“ Ah my son ! exclaimed the holy man, thou must suffer many more sorrows I fear, ere the spirit that breaks forth in that bright light is finally quenched.”

“ And why should it be quenched ?” asked the young monarch.

“ Because, replied Abensallah, it is full of an extravagant hope of such unfading raptures as are only to be found in paradise. 'Tis the very spirit of youth which falsely believes all it loves, immutable : Time that shews thee the mutability of every thing, even of human character (for alas ! how insecure sometimes is virtue herself,) will extinguish, or give a new direction to this erring fire.—Hast thou my son never felt, even in the midst of what is called felicity, a sort of feebleness in thy power of enjoyment, which seemed to make happiness mock thy very grasp ? commune with a beloved friend, behold this

glorious scene of earth and heaven, and thou wilt acknowledge, even at the moment of liveliest emotion, that in all sublunary things we feel the want of some faculty by which we might enjoy or possess them more intimately: this faculty, whatever it may be, is doubtless reserved for another state of being. Turn and plant thy thoughts then on sublimer objects: with views thus changed, thou wilt no longer hurry impatiently through life, in search of that blessedness for which our souls are expressly formed, but will journey calmly on towards the eternal abiding place, where our Creator treasures up for the faithful, raptures ineffable."

"I am not unmindful of that glorious eternity, be assured, good father," returned the King, "yet I frankly acknowledge, that unless I were to believe in the permanence of human excellence, long known and long tried, life would not merely lose its charm, but become hateful to me. In yon humble grave lies one, who, had he

lived, I could have anchored my soul on. Yes, gallant Stukeley ! our knot of love was soon broken, but the memory of thy noble and endearing qualities can never leave me !”

At this short apostrophe to his friend, Sebastian’s animation disappeared, and a train of reflections succeeded, well calculated to amend and to enlarge his heart.

The ensuing night having been fixed on for their journey, Abensallah and Ismael went in the evening of the present day, to a neighbouring village, for the purchase of such portable provisions as would be requisite to take with him : left free to range over the valley, Sebastian’s steps naturally turned to the resting place of his friend, as he was so soon to quit it never to return ; but it was among his mental promises to have the honoured dust transferred to Portugal when he should return thither.

The shadows of evening were now deepening, the gloom of the rocks as he passed

along ; though the sun had been long set, the air burnt like a furnace ; the ground too was scorching ; and the colour of the verdure being lost in the grey of twilight, contributed with this unrelenting heat, to give an air of savage sterility to the scene.

Dried up by powerful suns, the mountain stream was known only by its stony channel ; Sebastian hastily crossed it, and pushing through the matted boughs of the locust trees, a solitary bird shot from amongst them, and startled him with her piercing cry ; long after she was flown, he stood listening to her fearful echo.

What a spot for the last bed of a hero ! yet Stukeley slept in it undisturbed !

Never before, had death been so impressed on the senses of the young monarch. The desolation of the place, its now awful stillness, the deepening twilight, the devouring element by which he was surrounded, (for he knew not how to deem it air) and the strong contrast to

them in his own animated hopes and busy thoughts, agitated him strangely; he stood as if transfixed, gazing on the mound of earth, without venturing to pollute what seemed to him so sacred, even by an embrace.

He was roused from this trance by the sound of voices; one resembled that of the dervise, and it was calling on Alla for succour: regardless of personal risque (though unarmed,) Sebastian rushed into the valley, and soon reached the spot whence these cries proceeded; an aged Moor was struggling with a band of robbers; though not Abensallah, he could not refrain from bursting upon the plunderers, and attacking them with the limb of a tree, which, blown off by some storm, had lain luckily in his path.

The blows of this unwieldy club, falling with inconceivable rapidity on every side, soon obliged the robbers to quit their prey, and turn on their new antagonist;

they surrounded him, attacked him fiercely with their horrid knives, and one of them, succeeding in stabbing him behind, he dropped from loss of blood.

Enraged at the escape of their first victim, (a rich merchant, who had been coming to ask the prayers of Abensallah,) the Alarbes, or mountain dwellers, as they are called, were on the point of wholly sacrificing the royal Portuguese to their vengeance, when a faint flash of lightning cast a gleam over his breast, and discovered through the folds of his coarse galebia, the costly setting of Donna Gonsalva's picture; the head of the band immediately seized this precious prize, and soon lost in admiration of the diamonds all ideas of slaughter; he now ordered *the Christian dog* (as he scornfully termed his captive,) to be lifted on a mule, directing one of the men to bandage his wound, and ride on the same beast.

Totally unconscious of what was doing,

having fainted from effusion of blood, the ill-starred monarch was lifted up, and placed before one of the Alarbes; the fellow spurred his beast, and followed by the whole troop, set off on full gallop out of the valley.

C H A P. V.

WHEN Sebastian was again capable of observation, he found himself in the heart of almost impenetrable mountains, surrounded by savage tribes, living in tents made of the bark and leaves of the palm-tree. These wretches seemed to have just as much civilization amongst them as rendered their vices more hideous, by taking from them the plea of ignorance: their business was plunder and murder; their pleasures, drunkenness and debauchery.

The habits of such a people were a constant source of horror and indignation to Sebastian; of their barbarous jargon indeed he knew nothing, but the force of these robbers passions imparted a detestable expressiveness to every action of their bodies and features, which made

him but too well comprehend their ferocity and their profligacy.

Hitherto a surly old woman had dressed his wound, and supplied him with food, and from her he vainly attempted to obtain by signs Donna Gonsalva's picture: she either did not or would not understand him.

Maddened by this loss, and desperate of release, ignorant of the place where he was, and hopeless therefore of escaping, he began to disregard life: neither the threats nor the violence of the Alarbes prevailed to alter his resolution of never submitting to the base occupations they assigned him; he was a monarch still, though deprived of his people and of liberty; and whether he lived or died, he was resolved to live or die undebased by submission to miscreants.

The firmness with which he endured all their torments, at first astonished, and at length exasperated, his brutal captors; they suffered him to behold the beautiful

image of Gonsalva (now robbed of its setting) polluted by their brutish admiration, but steadily withheld it, in defiance of his frantic entreaties, his rash attempts to regain it, or his offer of treasures in exchange.

One day when Sarhamet the chief had exasperated him beyond controul, by deridingly kissing the picture, his fury burst forth so fearfully, that the Alarbe sprung out of his reach, and hastily dashed the contested object into one of the neighbouring torrents: nothing short of regaining his treasure could have given the captive King such joy; his wrath suddenly ceased, he dropt the arm just raised to elance a mortal blow, and approaching the torrent, beheld with satisfaction the divine colours of the portrait effaced by its foaming waters; he then turned quietly away, and returned to his former station.

Tranquillized by the certainty that his Gonsalva's representative was thus rescued

from profanation, he was able to controul his indignation at other circumstances, and to strive at obtaining his own freedom; but though he endeavoured to explain to these banditti, that if they would convey him to a Christian fortress they should be liberally paid, and loaded with gifts, they either did not comprehend, or much mistrusted his veracity: at length, wearied out by his stedfast character, and tempted by the great price given for handsome Europeans by the Moorish grandees, Sarhamet meditated selling him.

This information, which was meant to vex, rather gratified their prisoner; to be again brought into the plains, was to be once more placed within prospect of liberty, and chance of meeting the reverend Abensallah: Sebastian's health returned with hope; for though his last wound had been deep, it had been skilfully managed; and the purity of a good constitution, adding force to an invincible spirit, enabled him to bear without injury the piercing

mountain air, and the frequent fasts to which the Alarbes had wantonly doomed him.

His improving looks quickened the eagerness of Sarhamet for selling him: solicitous to secure the moment of procuring a high price for his captive, the robber selected a dozen followers, and mounting them and Sebastian upon stout Barbs, set off with them one morning by day break, for the country house of a Moorish grandee.

Sarhamet and his brother rode on each side of the King; they were armed with guns and Moorish knives, and made signs to him, that if he attempted to escape, he must inevitably fall by the hands of the troops escorting them, whose naked weapons were placed in their girdles ready for that purpose:—Sebastian smiled, and motioned acquiescence; but it was a grievous smile, “as if he disdained himself” for so submitting to fortune.

. Their journey was long and wearisome:

the Alarbes, enured to every change of climate, travelled indifferently through nightly dews and noon-day heats; sometimes they halted after a burning day, upon the very summit of a snow-topt mountain, where they supped, and slept, with no other covering than the clouds; at other times they would journey through the night, and lay themselves to rest in valleys, among scorching rocks, that reflected thrice the heat of the sun.

Sebastian contemplated this iron strength, with something like envy: by rendering a man's body independent, it gives additional stability to the freedom of his mind; he felt conscious that, had he been thus disciplined into invulnerable strength, he might have attempted, and perhaps effected his escape: but the intense heats had re-opened his last wound, and had in consequence so reduced his natural vigour, that he could not hope to succeed, though he should master two Alarbes who constantly watched him

while the others slept. Completely unarmed, and cautiously removed from the spot where the horses were fastened, he was aware, that a contest with one Moor must awaken the others, and that he should perish under their daggers long before he could meet any shelter: by acquiescing at present, he might obtain his object hereafter; in the neighbourhood of a populous city, less hazardous means might be found, and Providence might again throw Abensallah in his way, or some christian friend, with whom he might share in an attempt at mutual deliverance.

These thoughts often occupied him, as he rested or rode among his ferocious companions; and still hope filled his sanguine breast, pointing to his country and to Gonsalva.

From the length of their journey, Sebastian conjectured that his late residence had been at the extremity of the Benze-roel mountains; he had therefore been in the same tract of country with the bene-

volent dervise, and was now far distant from him: at thought of never seeing him again, his feelings saddened, gliding naturally from Abensallah to the gallant Stukeley, and thence to the slaughter of Alcazar.

On the fourteenth day, Sarhamet exchanged his prisoner's worn-out galebia for a coarse, but more becoming habit, telling him that they were on the point of finishing their career: Sebastian for the first time enquired the name and rank of the person to whom they were now going; he learnt in reply, that he was the Almo-cadem of a cavila, (that is, governor of a province) high in favour of the reigning Xeriff, (having ably assisted in securing him the throne) and highly respected throughout Barbary. His dwelling was in the Valley of Palms, a delightful place, nearly three leagues beyond Mequinez.

After bathing, and re-dressing themselves, the whole party mounted their horses, and proceeded down a winding

declivity into a most luxuriant vale: the country-house of El Hader lay before them. Having been a royal gift, the building was a moorish Cassavee of much magnificence, covering with its interior gardens, squares, piazzas, and baths, an extent of four miles. Sebastian paused awhile, admiring its rude splendor.

The high dome of green and gold, the tall cypress trees which appeared rising above the gilded railings of the squares, the fountains of white and azure marble, the gay piazzas chequered with coloured tiles, the lofty columns and massy arches, all presented a semblance of regal grandeur, which made his heart spring back to Ribera and Xabregas. The contrast of his situation now, with what it had been when in those beloved places, almost unmanned him; their scenes were so associated with the idea of Donna Gonsalva, that it was impossible for him not to heave some profound sighs as he entered the dwelling of a Moorish nobleman, a prisoner and a slave.

Sarhamet, with his brother and their captive, was admitted into a lower hall of the Cassavee, whence they were soon after led into the presence of the Almoçadim.

As the young and imperious King of Portugal passed through a crowd of Moors to the audience chamber of El Hader, and reflected that he was going to be sold for a price, like some ignoble animal, his heart might well be said to “grow too big for what contained it;” he was on the point of madly rushing upon all surrounding him, and so purchasing freedom with life. Had he not happily remembered that Portugal claimed a sacrifice at his hands, and that it was his duty to suffer, in the hope of living to repair the unintentional calamity he had caused her, his rashness must have transported him into violence that would have ended in his own destruction.

Fervently calling on every saint to endue him with patience, he walked slowly after Sarhamet, with a resolution of no

longer observing the minutiae of his fate : thus influenced, he scarcely noticed the approbation of El Hader and his retainers, but stood silent, wrapped up in his cloak, wilfully inattentive to the long bargaining of the Alarbe, and the enormous price at length paid down for him.

When the bargain was concluded, Sarahamet departed ; the Almóçadem then addressed his new slave in vile Portuguese, telling him to adore Alla, for having advanced him to so high an honour as that of serving the greatest man throughout the Xeriff's dominions ; promising, in consideration of the christian's fine appearance, to make him one of his household slaves.

The sentence of death would have been more grateful to Sebastian than this degrading favour. What ! was he, a christian king, the descendant of kings, to wait upon an accursed infidel, and learn obedience to his nod ? No, he would rather perish, he would suffer for his

beloved country and for his friends all that pain, sorrow, and want, could inflict, he would for their sakes bend to almost any mortification; but it was impossible for him to yield to base servitude, and become the domestic servant of a Mahometan. Resolute to die in this determination, he calmly repeated it to El Hader, protesting he would only labour in the manly occupation of really useful work, the employments of the field.

The Almoçadem was a good-humoured, indolent man, not easily moved to wrath; surprized, therefore, but not irritated, he turned to his interpreter, bidding him ask the foolish christian if he knew the difference between a household and a field slave. The man who repeated the question, ended it by an explanation of the situations, assuring Sebastian, that if he remained in the Cassavee he would be superbly dressed, delicately fed, and comfortably lodged; that all his business would be to wait at his lord's back with

his hookha, or ride out when he went a hunting, with his lances and arrows: that, on the contrary, if he persisted in joining the field slaves, he would be doomed to hard fare, and worse lodging, and be urged to the most laborious tasks by stripes and blows.

At the last words, Sebastian's eyes sparkled with fury, "Mark me, Moor!" he cried in a dreadful voice, "I am a man that will not survive disgrace: by the immortal heavens! if but the shadow of one of your whips ever falls upon this body, I will wash out the stain in blood! Beware then!

The Africans looked on each other with astonishment: the Almoçadem smiled. "We shall see! we shall see!" he repeated carelessly, if you do your duty I give orders that you shall not be beaten; but I must have all my slaves do their duty; so do you hear, don't abuse my goodness by insolence and idleness. What are you, young man?—How did you get

into that rogue, Sarhamet's hands?— Were you one of the mad-headed followers of the mad King Sebastian?"

The captive monarch's blood crimsoned his face: "I *was* in the battle of Alcazar," he said proudly, "and were I free this moment, would again follow the royal-standard of Portugal over the plains of Barbary. The mad Sebastian, as you call him, on that day made the stoutest hearts in Morocco tremble.—May he live to make them quake again! I saw your routed Moors flying before him like scattered sheep!—the field was ours, till one of your infidel race, the detested Muley Hamet, turned like a traitor upon the troops he was affecting to aid.—"

"He did right," interrupted El Hader, "by so doing he made his peace with Mahomet, and gained Paradise. But how could your hot-brained King build on the faith of a man who had broken his faith with the prophet by leaguings with christians? Ah! I see that touches you,—

well, they are both gone to settle their accounts together in the other world."

As he concluded, the *Almoçadem* turned to his interpreter, "Ephra, we must give this christian fool his choice; you know I am always desirous of leaving my slaves to experience.—Conduct him to field-work; and then, if he continues to despise the honor of attending upon me here, we must leave him to his fate.—Bid him withdraw."

As *El Hader* rose while he was speaking, Sebastian naturally coincided with the movement, and turned away; he was therefore spared the mortification of being told to depart.

Ephra conducted him towards a long piazza, through which they passed into a large paved court, where several slaves were refreshing themselves between their hours of labour: struggling with his imperious nature, the unhappy monarch neither saw nor heard any thing, till a passionate exclamation, in pure Portu-

guese, struck his ear; he turned hastily round and beheld a young man, (whose face he remembered to have seen amongst his troops,) who dropping upon one knee, repeated in whispers—"O sire! what a change is this."

Many and powerful were the reasons of Sebastian for remaining unknown to the Moors, but his feelings, ever superior to selfish prudence, now mocked controul; he stopt, and extended both his hands, which the soldier eagerly kissed; he would have spoken, but the words died on his lips: the Portuguese recovering from his transport of mixed emotion, into sorrow and habitual reverence, fearfully relinquished his sovereign's hand, and turned aside to conceal some tears: Ephra rudely advanced and asked the meaning of this scene.

Before Sebastian could reply, the young soldier gently answered, that he was overcome by unexpectedly finding his commanding officer in the new slave.

then he prayed permission to converse with him awhile, after which he would return to his occupations with redoubled diligence.

Ephra was a man not easily moved: he coldly denied this indulgence, telling the Portuguese to mind his present superiors and forget his past ones, adding sarcastically, "whoever your captain is, whether Don or Hidalgo, he is now a slave like yourself."

Without venturing to remonstrate, the poor youth bowed and disappeared, while Ephra morosely continued to precede his royal companion.

Every thing now was unnoticed by Sebastian: this accidental meeting with one of his subjects had subdued him; the sound of those few words pronounced in their native accent, brought into his mind such crowds of tender and affecting images, that his heart was compleatly softened: until this moment he had felt utterly abandoned, and now the unexpected

proof of being still loved and honored, even by one he might be said to have injured, affected him to weakness.

It *was* the weakness of Sebastian to wish for the love of his fellow creatures: time, only, could teach him to be contented with their esteem.

Having conducted his melancholy companion through the obscurest parts of the Cassavee, Ephra brought him into a large square of ground surrounded by mean buildings, where a number of Christians were at work: this place contained the slaves' habitations, and was under the direction of a governor, whose office it was to see the several tasks fulfilled, and at night to lock up all the captives in their miserable lodgings.

At sight of a new victim, this man came forward; "Here, Ben Tarab," cried Ephra, "our illustrious master has sent you this refractory Christian to teach obedience; give him work, and see that he does not attempt to escape: if you do

not present him to the great El Hader when next he calls for him, your head will answer it.”

Ben Tarab bowed submissively, and Ephra left the court.

Sebastian's eyes meanwhile were anxiously employed in scrutinizing the persons around him: they were Christians of all nations, some very old, others in the tender spring of life; but blood-drinking care, and flesh-consuming toil had left their traces on the youngest cheeks: every countenance was wan, every figure emaciated.

Amongst the various groups, he sought in vain for his cousin Antonio, or Don Emanuel de Castro; none but strange faces met his gaze, and as no one recognized him, he rightly concluded that none of his own army were amongst them.

Sebastian wished not for partners in affliction; and though anxiety led him to seek for Crato and de Castro, he was

gladdened by not finding them under the task-masters of El Hader.

Ben Tarab soon assigned him a portion of labour: too much occupied with reflections on the miserable lot of others, to think any longer of his own, Sebastian performed his task mechanically, while viewing the scene before him.—In one quarter were groups of captives employed in stamping, with heavy weights, the damp earth with which the Moors form the walls of their inferior buildings; others were labouring to prepare this earth out of various materials; others again bringing sand, bricks, and lime, in loaded baskets upon their heads; while some were hewing stone, sawing wood, melting lead, or moulding ornaments for the nobler parts of the Cassavee.

Fainting with heat, toil, and thirst, these unhappy people were yet urged to their tasks with imprecations and blows; neither age nor infirmities pleaded for a moment's indulgence: they toiled on,

consumed by scorching suns, and unrefreshed by a single breeze.

The sighs and groans of the Christians pierced the heart of Sebastian; he heard them with anguish, for he was no longer that Sebastian whose nod could give liberty; a slave now, he had nothing to bestow but inward prayers for himself and for them.

Perceiving his new workman totally ignorant of labour, Ben Tarab roughly told him to observe how others did, and so learn the trade of them.—“What, I suppose you have been what Christian dogs call a gentleman, and therefore are good for nothing:—I have always ten times the trouble with gentlemen; they are either insolent, lazy, or stupid, and are only fit to do the work of horses or asses; one poor fellow is worth a thousand of you.—We never promote gentlemen here, so you may reckon soon upon being sent into the open country to draw the water-waggon, or dig for lime.—

Why the plague am I to be troubled with you?—could not you have been kept amongst the household pack?”

The rage which seemed ready to burst in thunder from Sebastian, evidently intimidated Ben Tarab; he moved nimbly out of the reach of his arm, muttering in a sullen tone, “Get on with your job—do as well as you can.”

Recovering his self-command, the young King turned scornfully away, and pursued his occupation; it was chipping marble: The comparative easiness and delicacy of this employment, when contrasted with that of others, made him believe that he owed some gratitude even to Ben Tarab, for having thus favored him, he was therefore resolved to disregard in future the brutal language of the man, and think only of escaping insult by discharging his portion of labour.

In spite of this resolution he could never again look at Ben Tarab without something so alarming in his eyes, that the

Moor feared to approach him, he shewed him his daily tasks, not daring to threaten any punishment for their non-fulfilment, and at length, sick of such restraint, offered to remove him into a different department. Sebastian caught at the proposal; he was solicitous to see all the slave of the *Almoçadem*, and frequently wished to meet once more with the young soldier whose dutiful remembrance had affected him so much.

“ I perceive, “ said Ben Tarab, “ that you know nothing of the works we do here, and perhaps some other might suit your capacity better; every man has not the gift of doing all things.—We have slaves, now, that manufacture powder, and armour, and cast cannon; do you like that business?—What! you’re afraid of such combustibles?—You change colour at the very mention of them: there you and I agree.—We have others that hew and drag timber, some that get in our three harvests, some that make bricks,

and a few that work in the great El Ha-der's gardens.—I can promote you to any of these departments if you know how to be thankful for such a favor."

"I know how to be thankful;" said Sebastian gently, "give me any occupation so it be but in the fresh air of heaven, and require little more than *bodily* exertion, and I will thank you sincerely."—

"Well then," replied the Moor, "you may as well change into the gardens; there you will have nothing to do, but trudge about, pruning and digging, fetching water from the fountains to the baths, plenty to do, and nothing to crack your brains with thinking of: if you behave well, and shew any signs of *rare sagacity*, you may get *promoted*, and become at last, *fruit-gatherer* and *flower-gatherer* for the *women*."—

"Ben Tarab!" said Sebastian, after a thoughtful pause, disregarding the brute's contemptuous air, "Is there any offer that could persuade you into becoming

my friend?—procure for me permission to send to one of the Portuguese forts, and I will not only engage to be ransomed at a high price, but will faithfully promise you a hundred gold crowns for your kindness.”

“ So then, you *are* a nobleman?” replied Ben Tarab, attentively eyeing him, “ I thought so the moment I saw you: but hark ye my friend, the great El Hader prides himself upon despising ransoms; if the King of Portugal himself were living, and a slave within these walls, he must offer a thousand of such crowns as that he was crowned with, before he could move a true Mussulman: Slaves here, are slaves for life; and I hate you all too cordially ever to betray my trust and risk my neck for such scoundrels.”

As Ben Tarab ended, he disappeared with a malicious grin, and in a short time re-entered with an older Moor, who looked awhile at Sebastian, and then conducted him out of the court: the latter follow-

ed his steps in silence, strongly wrestling with his own outraged feelings, which were almost chafed into fury, by the mingled malice and cowardice of Ben Tarab.

After traversing several open quadrangles and stone galleries, they came at length to the gardens: they were admitted through magnificent gates, curiously wrought in open work of cast iron, and covered with gilding; as he entered, Sebastian felt an emotion long unknown to him, an emotion of delight.

The gardens were spacious and verdant, beautified with marble fountains and canals; their terraces were shaded by tall trees of the freshest green, and the air that fanned them was impregnated with the perfume of orange flowers.

Sebastian could not respire air thus perfumed, without instantly thinking of the gardens of Count Vimiosa; the first day he had seen Donna Gonsalva came back to his recollection with all the force

of a present scene: he stopt, cast his eyes round, scarcely breathed, almost expecting to see her celestial beauty advance from some of the groves:—But he saw no one, till his conductor led on still further, and brought him to a spot where a few slaves were employed in cutting a subterraneous passage, from a bower of Arabian jessamine, to one of the baths.—Stopping at this place, the Moor shewed the King his new occupation.

After toiling in silence till long past sunset, the slaves were dismissed to their distant lodgings, where a miserable supper awaited them.

On re-entering the court where he had first laboured, Sebastian did not see Ben Tarab, he passed slowly along, noting every fresh group of new faces, without finding any that he knew: at length he perceived a cluster of Christians gathered round one who was sitting with a rude guitar in his hand, playing the symphony of a song; the King approached, and re-

cognized the soldier, Gaspar. The young man, without observing him, began to sing with little voice, and less skill, but infinite feeling, these stanzas.

“ O Time! thy waves that might have rolled
Thro’ channels gay with bordering roses,
Now slow and sad and sunless flow
Where not one flower its bloom discloses :

Say, will the blushing wreaths of joy
Beside thy waters blossom ever,
And sweets like breath of angels, throw
Around the purple wings of Zephyr ?

As he was going to repeat the song, his eyes met those of the King, and a flush of joyful surprize covered his pallid face ; he rose hastily, reminded his comrades of supper, and in the midst of their tumultuous movements, drew near to one of the houses : he then glided in at an open door, making a sign for Sebastian to follow.

The King obeyed : no sooner were they alone, than Gaspar cast himself at the feet of his sovereign, uttering in a low

voice the most affecting expressions of sorrow and of respect, deploring the fate of Portugal, thus deprived of her protector, and beseeching him to order his services and his life in any way conducive to his comfort.

Sebastian could not conceal his emotion: he raised Gaspar from the ground, with many gracious acknowledgements, assuring him that the only service he could do him would be to discover whether a ransom would indeed be refused by El Hader, or to aid in their mutual escape.—Gaspar's answer destroyed every hope.

He represented that the *Almoçadem* avowedly picqued himself upon never giving liberty to the enemies of Mahomet; that as the whole of the domains were inclosed by high walls, and these regularly guarded day and night, the escape of a prisoner was impossible; nay, that even such captives as worked in the fields and quarries, were watched by Moors com-

pletely armed, therefore as hopeless of escape as the household servants.

“For myself, I scarcely care,” said the young soldier, (tears starting into his eyes even while he believed himself thus indifferent;) “but to behold my King so fated, drives me to desperation.—My life, sire, is of no consequence—except to a widowed mother and sisters, whom your royal bounty will hereafter save from want—perhaps you would deign to accept of my attempting something for your sake; should I fail, it will be nothing; I shall die in the performance of a duty; should I succeed, Portugal will owe her happiness to me.”

“What is it you would attempt?” asked Sebastian, seeing Gaspar too much affected to proceed.

“To scale the walls,” exclaimed the breathless soldier, “to flee by unfrequented ways to the nearest fortress, to convey thither the blessed tidings of my sovereign’s safety, and either return with a

royal ransom, or joined by every Portuguese in Africa, march hither, storm the Cassavee, and ——.”

“ Brave Gaspar !” exclaimed the youthful monarch, animated with similar ardour, “ Thou hast the heart of a knight : should we ever reach Portugal, claim knighthood at my hand. But I cannot accept of freedom on such terms ; too many gallant soldiers have already been sacrificed by my imprudent reliance on the faith of a traitor : neither the lives nor the properties of my subjects shall be lavished to purchase my liberty. If these wretches knew my real rank, half my kingdom would not satisfy their avarice. No ! let us trust to Providence.—I will watch the opportune moment like a lynx. I will try every method to bribe my gaolers—if I escape at last, be assured, Gaspar, I will remember you.”

Gaspar was going to press his former petition, when the sound of Ben Tarab’s horrid voice made him stop : “ We must part, sire,” he exclaimed, “ haste—mix

with the crowd—we meet again tomorrow night.” While speaking, he hurried the King out of the house, and they were immediately absorbed by the multitude without.

Ben Tarab kept at a distance from Sebastian, who could not help smiling at his mixture of ferocity and meanness: it was soon bed time; and the slaves, separating, the King retired to a scattering of bean-straw in the corner of a brick-room, where he threw himself beside four other captives, and sunk, overpowered with sleep.

The break of day awoke him to the same toil, and the hour of supper again allowed him a short conversation with Gaspar. Every day brought with it but fresh causes for regret, while it diminished the delusions of hope. But where is the situation, however desolate, out of which it is impossible for us to extract some consolation? Sebastian found in his present state, a balm for part of that

remorse which had so long tormented him.

While experiencing the benevolence of Abensallah, he had naturally thought with so much esteem of the Moorish character, that his expedition appeared almost preposterous, and the destruction attendant on it, doubly criminal; but now that he witnessed the real miseries of slavery, and the detestableness of a tyrannical government, which habituates every individual to the exercise of tyranny in his turn, zeal once more assumed the rank of a virtue, and lulled conscience to rest.— In addition to this, his own sufferings were softened by the power he fortunately acquired of alleviating those of others.

Among the garden-labourers were two aged men, for whom he frequently procured rest and refreshment, by fulfilling, not only his own task, but part of theirs: when he saw them fainting with thirst and exhaustion, he would give them all that he had purposely saved from his scanty

breakfast; their blessings were his luxuries, his only luxuries, but such as warmed his heart far beyond all the enjoyments of his former state.

Never till now had he known the full transport of doing good, for never before had he done so at the expense of personal privations: sovereigns, like gods, may scatter bounties with unsparing hands, yet never have this sacred, soul-ennobling consciousness. Ought we then to envy, ah! should we not rather pity that exalted station which demands from its possessor so many cares, and rewards him with so few pleasures!

Though the governor of the gardens knew no other language than his own, Sebastian managed to converse with him by signs, and to conciliate his favour: from the instant in which he found himself capable of benefitting the distressed, his servitude ceased to appear degrading, and he toiled incessantly; his strength and his taste made him inestimable; and by vo-

luntary labour or ingenious plans of decoration, he soon won so much on Hafiz, that he gained frequent intervals of rest for his fellow slaves.

They were now employed in constructing and adorning a subterraneous passage, in imitation of a natural grotto: there Sebastian amused himself with a thousand tasteful fancies which enchanted the dull Hafiz, and procured for him new proofs of kindness: from this success his endeavours to please acquired fresh stimulus; he redoubled his efforts, hoping to win so far upon the Moor, as at last to gain liberty through his means.

After each day's fatigue, the supper-hour was always welcome; it brought him into the society of Gaspar. The conversation of his humble friend was now Sebastian's chief pleasure, for with him he felt himself Sebastian still; sympathy of suffering, gratitude for affection, and esteem of native goodness, united to heighten this pleasure: he talked with Gaspar

of Portugal and liberty, of days past and days to come, with all the ardour of unbroken youth.

Gaspar, in return, canvassed every possible mode of escape, continuing to bewail the fate which separated him from his King: he was, however, inspirited by some information lately obtained—it was as follows: at certain periods the Moors permitted a few travelling friars, called brothers of the redemption, to inspect their slaves, and to agree for the ransom of such as they wished redeemed; one of these charitable men, a native of Spain, was expected at Mequinez, by the next new moon; but the Almoçadem having resolved never to sell any of his slaves, had always refused to admit the friar, so that it would be necessary for Sebastian to exert all his eloquence upon Hafiz, for him either to petition the Almoçadem himself, or to let the friar know there was a Portuguese nobleman under his care, who would reward him amply for importuning El Hader in his favour.

This information roused the sanguine nature of Sebastian; he believed himself already on the threshold of liberty, and faithfully swore to Gaspar that he would not accept of freedom without him for a companion.

Intoxicated with joy, and overflowing with devotedness, the young Portuguese fell at his sovereign's feet, pouring forth a broken torrent of gratitude: Gaspar had been early taught to reverence and obey his King, and now the amiable qualities of that King, being shewn to him under the most affecting light, added to the principle of duty, every sentiment of affection.

At this moment, while kissing the earth beneath Sebastian's feet, he was inwardly meditating a rash enterprize, full of danger, but fraught with heroism: expecting little from Hafiz, Gaspar meant only to wait till one attempt to gain him had been made and frustrated, and then he would immediately execute his own project. His work lay in the open country,

where he was employed with other slaves in felling timber; there were periods when the Moors who guarded them, were scattered about, and therefore to be escaped, without instant notice: if Gaspar could get the start of them by a single half-hour (being very swift of foot, and well acquainted with a bye-road to Mequinez, where he had often gone with loaded waggons) he might hope to reach the friar, and communicate the secret of Don Sebastian's existence.

Gaspar was certain that in pursuing him the Moors would first look among the woods and hills leading to the interior, and that consequently, though he was almost sure of falling eventually into their hands, his object would be attained: the friar would convey the important news to the christian forts, from thence it would be speedily transmitted to Portugal and Spain, and then he doubted not, an army or a ransom would be sent to redeem their King.

Some anxiety however, was still connected with his enterprize, even if it should succeed: as Gaspar would hazard it without his royal master's knowledge, he could not bear any proof of his veracity, such as a ring or piece of writing; he must rely solely on the sincerity of his manner, and on that natural desire of crediting what we wish, which is implanted in the human heart.

To disobey his sovereign on such an important point, he justly conceived a duty due to his country; for Gaspar, though born in the sixteenth century, had an intuitive conviction that his country's claims were superior even to the commands of her rulers.

Filled with this daring project, the young soldier arose from his monarch's feet with an illuminated countenance: a few moments after they separated for their different chambers.

The only indulgence which Sebastian had asked for himself, was the privilege of

passing his nights in a solitary apartment, this request had been granted, with many assurances of its being an immense favour: he now repaired to the place, which was a small room, scarcely large enough to turn in, with a barred window and a straw bed. As he entered it with an emotion of pleasure, the change of his destiny forcibly struck him: what a cell for a King of Portugal, and the lover of Donna Gonsalva to behold with gladness!

He went up to the narrow window, and as his eye fell on nothing but the dark dwellings of the slaves, faintly lighted by the rays of a watry moon, he looked from them to himself, and sighed profoundly. Not three months back, he had worn the habit, and been surrounded by the glories of a powerful prince; he had been ministered unto like a god, till the most exquisite refinements of polished life had become natural wants; he was now a slave, clad in coarse garments, denied the common necessaries of his poorest subjects,

forced to labour without intermission through the day, and at night be immured in a wretched chamber, where solitude was his only comfort !

For awhile, thought took so gloomy a cast, that he felt as if all that sunny period of his life had been no more than a dream. The memory of Stukeley appeared but the memory of some brilliant phantom ; his rousing eloquence, that had always acted on the soul of Sebastian like the sound of the trumpet, was now passed away, his voice was hushed, his body gone down to dust !

Nothing gives such apparent length to any portion of time, as a complete change in outward scenes and inward feelings. Sebastian was scarcely able to persuade himself that all these new emotions had been produced by the events of so short a period as three months ; he reviewed the incidents which had happened since his landing in Africa, with a bitterness of regret which was at length dispersed by the

idea of Gaspar: in this faithful friend, providence was evidently preparing for him a zealous assistant; at any rate, if his attachment might not aid, it would assuredly console him, and was therefore to be gratefully accepted as a sort of earnest of the divine succour.

Elevated by this thought, Sebastian's feelings changed with their usual rapidity, joy lightened his heart, and pouring out a fervent prayer over the little cross of his order, (which he still preserved,) laid himself to rest with the confidence of pious reliance.

C H A P. VI.

AS Gaspar was sure of learning from the good-natured Moor who had spoken to him of the redemption friars, when father Mansonada would be at Mequinez, he had cautioned the King not to put the absolute question to Hafiz, before the friar's arrival was actually announced, but to employ the intermediate period in gaining his good will, urging the request at the time when it must be either instantly refused or granted: this precaution would leave no time for repentance.

Pursuant to this prudent resolution, the King continued to exert his strength and his talents in every work given him by Hafiz: under his hands the uncouth earthen passage grew into a romantic labyrinth, diversified by spars and mosses,

and hung with natural garlands of flowering plants. Often while he was placing a stone or a shrub, he smiled bitterly at what to him seemed womanish employment, and was forced to remember that no occupation is disgraceful which is submitted to for a great and virtuous purpose.

Having acquired many of the Morocco words, he was now able to hold short conversations with Hafiz, who though grave, and somewhat dull, was not insensible to merit; he liberally praised Sebastian, and for his sake granted new indulgences to sickly slaves.

Sebastian marked his increasing influence with re-animated hope: having his eye fixed but on one object, (freedom, in which every blessing is included,) he disregarded all else, distributing among his fellow captives such presents of dress and delicate food, as Hafiz occasionally made him,

But the satisfaction arising from these

circumstances was considerably diminished by an unforeseen distress; Gaspar was taken ill: he had been unusually fatigued lately, during an insufferably burning day; and at night, had slept on some marshy ground with other Christians, who were all attacked the following morning with illness:—The disorder seized his lungs. From that hour a suffocating cough and slow fever preyed on his strength. At all times delicate, he now lost his appetite and sleep; and appeared hastening fast to that world “where the weary are at rest.”

Afflicted beyond measure, his royal friend no longer thought of exerting any influence over Hafiz for his own peculiar gratification, but tried to use it for Gaspar; he represented his situation in the most moving terms, soliciting the Moor to get him transferred from the fields into the gardens, where he promised to work in his place, allowing himself no instant of recreation through the day, and but

four hours of rest at night.—His importunities at length wrung from Hafiz a promise that he would go and solicit the Almoçadem's leave for the transfer.

Sebastian communicated this to Gaspar with all the ardour of pleasure, the latter turned pale and faltered out an exclamation of regret; painfully disappointed, Sebastian enquired the reason of this disinclination to be near him, and soon found, from the generous soldier, that it arose from concern at the sacrifices which he must make on his account.

This indeed was part of the truth; but the most powerful cause was alarm at a removal, which however agreeable to Gaspar, would put it out of his power to serve his master: from the gardens he could not attempt escape without involving him in his ruin should he be retaken, and therefore it was necessary for him to wait no longer a return of health, but seize this last opportunity of flying from the fields.—Perhaps another day would

close the door of freedom for ever, as Hafiz, who had been sent for to Mequinez by the Almoçadem, might return ere night: this thought determined Gaspar ?

Many and violent were his emotions when he parted from his beloved master at the door of their cheerless lodging ; the poor fellow felt death at his heart, and scarcely knew how to hope for sufficient strength to carry him to Mequinez, where, however, the arrival of friar Mansonada was now happily ascertained. He fastened his eyes on the countenance of Sebastian with the most sorrowful expression ; the benign smile that sat there, revived him for an instant, but fearful of betraying any unusual agitation, he retired without speaking.

The next day Hafiz did not return, and at night Sebastian was surprized by the non-appearance of Gaspar ; concluding that he was cruelly kept out at distant labour, he began to grow impatient for the sight of Hafiz : still the governor re-

turned not, and the next night and the one following that Gaspar, too was absent.

Disturbed and alarmed, Sebastian approached a French Christian with whom he had once seen Gaspar enter from work, and asked the man, in his own language, what had become of him: the answer overwhelmed him with grief.

Gaspar had attempted to escape two days before, while the wood-slaves were dispersed, and their guards carousing; he had got half way to Mequinez when he was overtaken by two of the Moors, who having heard him question another about the Friars Redemptione, guessed which way he was going. After a short struggle, a wound in the leg brought Gaspar to the ground, and rendered resistance impossible; he was now in the prison of the Cassavee, where Ben Tarab threatened him with the extremity of the bastinado that very night.

Sebastian too quickly comprehended

the motive of his friend's rash action; penetrated with gratitude and sorrow, he flew to the dark building called the prison, intreating to be admitted, and offering extravagant rewards to the Moors who guarded it:—Sebastian could not always remember that he was no longer able to reward any one!—But these vain promises were no sooner past his lips, than he disclaimed them, with a stifled groan, and turned once more to intreaties.

The brutal Ben Tarab advanced cautiously, “ You see I am armed ;” was his salutation, (pointing to a pair of huge pistols in his belt, and drawing out a Moorish knife,) “ in that case you dare not touch me: what is all this tumult about?—is it because the dog is a Portuguese like yourself?—or because you are colleagues? By the holy prophet! I believe you deserve as sound a bastinadoing as he does. If he dies under the thong, this night he shall receive a thousand

lashes. Get you to your sleeping hole, and pretend not to thwart a Mussulman in his duty."

Without replying, Sebastian shot an eagle glance round, as if in search of something, the next instant he darted forwards, and snatching up a hatchet which lay accidentally among some rubbish, flashed it in the eyes of Ben Tarab.

"I too am armed!" he exclaimed fiercely, "approach but one step nearer and this hatchet shall lay you dead at my feet.—I can die but once—yet if I *do* fall, I will sell my life dearly.—Mark me! the man who takes Gaspar to punishment from this prison must cut his way to him through my heart."

As he concluded, the stern frown of the young monarch withered Ben Tarab's courage, he drew back trembling, and tried to pull out one of his pistols; Sebastian saw the action, and sprung on him like a tiger; his powerful grasp pinioned the arms of the Moor, who believing him-

self in the very gripe of death, cried out for mercy: before any one could come to his rescue, Sebastian flung him disdainfully away, saying—

“Take your worthless life—I want nothing beyond pity for a poor dying man. Suffer me unmolested to keep watch before this prison till Hafiz returns; then let the punishment of Gaspar be referred to the Almoçadem: you will appear against him, I shall plead for him, I hope from the lips of the humane Hafiz.”

Livid and trembling, Ben Tarab now sheltered himself behind a group of Moors who had run in to his assistance: conscious that Sebastian was indeed only to be conquered by death, and aware of the high value set on him by El Hader, he feared to order the violence his base soul longed to inflict.

“Stay then,” he cried at last, “Stay! and may plagues blister you for your pains!—There you may watch and fast, for neither bed nor meal shall you have

till Hafiz comes back and rids me of you altogether. Soldiers, take care he is not too subtle for you; look to him well."—So saying, Ben Tarab left the court, shutting its huge stone gates after him, with a rage that threatened to crash them.

Sebastian grasped his hatchet and sat quietly down upon the steps of the prison, while two Moorish guards walked backwards and forwards, discoursing about this mad Christian, who would certainly be condemned to the rack by their illustrious master.

In this situation, full of agitating thoughts, the King of Portugal past the night: fortunately for him, Hafiz returned the next day, and having missed Sebastian in the gardens, came to inquire for him of Ben Tarab; that brutal fellow related the events of the last few days with all the exaggerations of inveterate animosity, sending Hafiz to threaten his favorite slave with a chain or a log.

Sebastian's character was one of ex-

tremes; he was alternately the fiercest and the gentlest of mankind; where he saw the trace of humanity he could quell every movement of passion, and enter into the calmest and most considerate explanations: he now let the wrath of Hafiz take its course, waiting till it was spent, before he expatiated upon the natural love we bear our countrymen; and the impossibility of refraining from some shew of violence when any object whom we sincerely love is threatened with danger. The poor dying youth being menaced with the bastinado, was, on this reasoning, a sufficient plea for his own vehemence.

Sebastian mingled these with strong appeals to that sentiment of Liberty which he presumed dwelt in the bosom of Hafiz, in common with every honest man, he besought his pity;—and finished by declaring, that if Gaspar perished, neither whips nor daggers should ever compel *him* to any act of labour.

All these arguments had their weight,

but especially the last; Hafiz feared to lose the very flower of his workmen, and therefore promised to go immediately to Kara Aziek, the daughter of El Hader, and try to obtain Gaspar's pardon from her: this favorite and only surviving child of the Almoçadem had come that morning from Mequinez, merely to see the subterraneous labyrinth, and having been enchanted with its novelty and beauty, Hafiz hoped might be induced to pronounce the desired forgiveness. Hastening away, he returned in a short time with the Moorish Lady's order for the release and removal of Gaspar.

Penetrated with gratitude proportionate to his late apprehension, Sebastian vehemently thanked the good Moor, and went with him into the prison.

As they approached the dungeon in which Gaspar was, his feeble groans alone broke the sullen silence; he was the only human being who had slept in that dismal place during three nights, and might have

perished there, without even the hope of succour: at the sound of his royal master's voice, he slowly raised his head, and supported himself for an instant; but he sunk again, overpowered with pain and weakness.—Sebastian hastened to catch him on his breast, while Hafiz assured him he was pardoned, and going to be removed entirely from the influence of Ben Tarab.

The prejudiced yet well-meaning Moor accompanied this information with several animadversions upon the folly and ingratitude of attempting an escape from a residence where all the slaves were treated like trusty servants; bidding him remember, that as it was solely for Fabian's sake he was forgiven, a second fault would draw Fabian into the same destruction.

Gaspar could only reply by a submissive motion of the head, for a merciless neglect of sending him food had rendered him so weak he could scarcely speak; he was besides too joyful for utterance; but he held his sovereign's hand alternately

to his lips and to his heart, with an energy of gratitude that needed no additional eloquence.

The wound in Gaspar's leg was more painful that it appeared dangerous, so that Sebastian trusted he might yet recover both from it and his pulmonary complaint, if properly nursed, and kept for awhile from labouring amongst evening and morning mists:—he now made an earnest petition to Hafiz for permission to inhabit some chamber adjoining that allotted to Gaspar, in order that he might be thus enabled to devote every leisure moment to his suffering friend.

After long resisting, Hafiz reluctantly yielded; first stipulating some new exercise of his favorite's ingenuity, by way of equivalent:—Gaspar was then conveyed to another quarter of the Cassavee, where the household slaves are lodged, and a small but not wretched apartment was assigned to him.

His wound was examined, and his in-

ternal disorder prescribed for, by a skilful renegado who acted as family physician and surgeon ; Sebastian would fain have staid to assist this man, but Gaspar himself could not bear the thought of so employing his King, and Hafiz now waited for him at the labyrinth.

Eager to repay the worthy Moor's kindness by increased diligence, Sebastian hurried into the gardens ; all his generous and delighted heart beamed on his noble countenance as he moved through the verdant groves and lawns leading to the grotto ; as he was hastily advancing, he was checked by an unusual sight: a group of Moorish women were just issuing from the entrance.

Rightly conjecturing that these were the Almoçadem's daughter and her attendants, he drew back: one of the ladies was richly habited after the Morocco fashion, in a kaftan and turban embroidered with coloured silks and precious stones ; her mildly superior air declared her to be

Kara Aziek : she drew her veil closer at sight of a man, but stopping at the same time, said a few words to Hafiz in a very soft voice. Sebastian ventured to advance; he bent one knee to the ground, making a sign expressive of gratitude; Kara Aziek courteously motioned him to rise, and then moved away : but she frequently looked back as she went, and on turning into another walk, graciously noticed him still, by a gentle inclination of her head.

Sebastian's eyes remained fixed on the vacant space which her figure had occupied : it was the first time he had seen a woman since he had entered Africa, (for he would not give that title to the female Alarbes) and for the first time, a train of sweet and tender emotions, glided through his bosom.

The appearance of a young and pleasing woman, is ever associated in the mind of man when under affliction, with hope of consolation and expectation of relief—

Kara Aziek's dove-like voice and pitying manner, would of themselves have been sufficient to rouse up the sanguine spirit of Sebastian, but when to these were added the late proofs of her humanity or yieldingness, he could not help indulging in reveries as delightful as they were unexpected: in five minutes his ardent imagination had gone through a whole romance of disinterested generosity on her part, and boundless gratitude on his; she had facilitated his escape, restored him to his people, and become the friend of his soul's treasure, the incomparable Donna Gonsalva.

Transported with these fantastic day-dreams, he scarcely heard the precise Hafiz, who was all this while endeavouring to explain to him, Kara Aziek's commands about the gardens: starting at her name, he begged to have those commands repeated.

Hafiz deliberately recapitulated them; adding, that their young mistress, who

was going immediately back to Mequinez, wished her new orders to be fulfilled before the feast of Ramadan, on which she should return with her father; that on hearing the particulars of Gaspar's situation, she had instructed Hafiz, to have him carefully attended, and supplied with proper nourishment; avowing her intention of reporting Ben Tarab's barbarity to the Almoçadem, who though strict with his slaves, was averse to their being cruelly treated.

When Hafiz ended, Sebastian abruptly exclaimed—"Perhaps I should bless my captivity, since it daily frees me from prejudice!—Hafiz, when I first fought against your countrymen, I believed myself combatting a set of wretches, devoid of every human feeling: since then, I have learned to think that the Maker of Heaven and earth, breathes so much of his divine spirit through some rare souls, that not even the pollutions of a false religion, can wholly deface their original beauty!--I

had been told that your women were little better than agreeable images, without thought or will: how is it that this young and admirable lady, has been thus moved to compassionate a Christian, and condemn a Mahometan?"

"O, I can soon satisfy you;" answered the simple-minded Hafiz, "I begged for this Gaspar, in the name of Sidie Absalom.

"And who is Sidie Absalom?" asked Sebastian.

"You would not ask that," returned his companion. "if you had ever read the Holy Book of the Jews; he was a beautiful young man, the son of one King David—" *From the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him.*—our women pray to him as to a saint; ask them any thing in his name, and they are afraid to deny you, for fear of not getting a husband as handsome as he was."

Sebastian smiled at his simplicity; Kara

Aziek's actions seemed worthy of a better motive, and he failed not to bestow on them one infinitely nobler.

Hafiz now hurried him to labour: the good Moor, proud of distinction, and aware that to the activity and taste of his Portuguese slave, he should owe some liberal mark of the Almoçadem's satisfaction, exhorted Sebastian to employ all his invention in new adornments for the baths and fountains, and in bringing to perfection the nursery of fragrant exotics, which Kara Aziek had requested he might attend.

Sebastian needed not an additional incitement to these humble tasks: it was motive enough for him, that by fancying light decorations, requiring more ingenuity than strength to accomplish, he spared his fellow-captives many a weary labour: Hafiz had long trusted them almost solely to his direction, well satisfied with seeing beautiful novelties rising around him, though he knew that they

did not occupy half the time, nor exhaust half the bodily powers he had formerly been forced to lavish.

The slaves blessed with longer intervals of rest, were no more pale and squalid; they had leisure for decent attention to their persons, and permitted to form for themselves many minor comforts, health and resignation (for content can never dwell with slavery) began to appear in their looks: at this sight Sebastian's heart glowed within him, and the consciousness of being the source from whence these blessings flowed, increased the glow. On retiring for the night of this eventful day, Hafiz allowed the King to gather some choice fruits for Gaspar, with which he hastened from the gardens.

Gaspar was already supplied with a basket of the finest grapes, and a flask of medicated asses milk, (balm of Mecca being infused in it) by a servant of Kara

Aziek's: he had temperately partaken of these presents, and was even then revived by them.

The details which now took place between the King and his humble friend, were not unmixed with pleasure; Gaspar could not conceal the affectionate motive of his mad enterprize, nor could his royal master refrain from shewing the extent of his gratitude, by describing the scene which had passed between him and Ben Tarab—new plans for their mutual liberation were then canvassed, and these might all be summed up in a determination of seeking the favour of Kara Aziek, through whose interference perhaps they might prevail on the Almoçadem to permit some communication between them and the Christian forts.

At this prospect, Gaspar could not check a sigh purely selfish: his cruel disorder forbade him to indulge the fond hope of ever again beholding Portugal:

this painful emotion burst forth, followed by a reflection far more grievous to Sebastian than it was to himself.

“ I must submit,” he said, “ if it pleases Heaven to deny me the joy of witnessing my sovereign’s restoration to his people: doubtless I sinned in deserting my poor mother and sisters for the mere sake of fighting against infidels; my wrong notions of duty perhaps, have left these dear relations to starve, for I was their only protector.—Jesu help me! I did not think then, what I have often thought since, that our blessed Redeemer must be better pleased with us when we seek to preserve lives, than when we go to destroy them!”

This artless remark made the King change colour: if Gaspar believed that to die in miserable servitude was only a just punishment for moral ignorance, what must be *his* destiny by whose powerful example multitudes had been allured into

a similiar error?—Sebastian's heart was disturbed; and he paused at this question. Though he did not answer it to himself at that moment, he often repeated it afterwards; and the subject connected with it, was then attentively examined. His days of prosperity had been unreflecting days,—adversity now taught him to scrutinize the past, and to prepare stores of principle for the future: formerly, he had only *acted of himself*; now he began *to think for himself*.

Without suffering Gaspar to perceive the pain his remark had caused, Sebastian soothed the poor fellow's self-accusing feelings, joined in an act of devotion with him, and did not leave him till he saw that he was tranquillized in sleep: he then repaired to a neighbouring chamber, where he spent nearly all the remaining hours of night in earnest supplications for an enlightened spirit.

From this period the attention of Sebas-

tian was divided between so many objects of anxiety that he had not leisure for regret: though he was often wrung by the thought of Gonsalva's too-probable grief, and apprehension for the fates of Antonio and De Castro, present cares forbade him to dwell on such considerations; he thought yet oftener of escape, and while so much was left him to hope, did not feel privileged to lament.

Each day now saw him incessantly occupied, each evening restored him to Gaspar; that poor youth's slow-consuming disorder had not yet given way to the Moorish prescriptions,—unable to stand long upon his wounded limb, Gaspar could not be employed in field-work, but his grateful disposition taught him a new species of usefulness, and he amused his solitary hours by the manufacture of ingenious trifles, such as ornamental baskets, brocaded sandals, &c. with which Hafiz was to present Kara Aziek on her return to the cassavee.

Sebastian had found leisure intervals for the accomplishment of a trifling object with which he frequently lulled the depressed spirits of his friend: it was a flute formed of cane; he had contrived to furnish it with stops, &c. and had at length made it capable of "discoursing most excellent music."

In the tranquillity of evening, when Gaspar was laid on his narrow pallet, and their minds equally exhausted by agitating conversation, Sebastian would take his flute and play Portuguese airs, till Africa was forgotten, and their native country alone remembered.—It was in these moments that love reigned absolute over the heart of the young King: he could not breathe a note that did not recal some song of Donna Gonsalva's; her celestial voice seemed floating around him, till tenderness melted him into weakness, or impatience lashed him into agony, and the instrument would then fall from his hand.

Experience alone teaches us the mutability of fortune: we hear of it, we see it, we think we understand and believe it,—but when we find *ourselves* precipitated from an height of happiness into an abyss of misery, it is then for the first time that we really discover the slightness of our former perceptions.—The adversity of others “we write in sand;” our own “we engrave on brass.

Sebastian had now constant opportunities of making this reflection, for until his dismal change, absolute power had prevented him from even dreaming of a reverse in his own person: since that reverse had happened, he bitterly lamented his precipitate promise to the pope, whose sanction might otherwise have been obtained, and then Gonsalva would have been left at least a queen, protected by wealth and authority.

But these regrets could not recal the past; they were useful only as lessons for

the future:—he averted his mind from such reflections, directing all its energies, towards the present objects of his care.

Some of these were attained: his fellow-slaves of the garden were comparatively happy through his means; Hafiz continued to shew him increasing regard; and Gaspar was losing most of those alarming symptoms which so lately threatened his life.—Though in slavery, and condemned to perpetual labour, the young monarch had never yet smarted under one degrading indignity which he would hereafter blush to have survived: this was a consolation almost transporting; it assured him of divine protection, he thought, seeming to say, that Providence might bend but would not crush him.

As it was from Kara Aziek that Sebastian anticipated the completion of every hope, he was naturally inquisitive about her character and habits of life: by

his facility of acquiring languages (the most enviable because the most useful of talents,) he was now competent to converse with Hafiz in excellent Moresco; he therefore seized an opportunity one day when they were alone together inspecting her nursery of exotics, and questioned him respecting their gentle mistress.

He learnt in reply that Kara Aziek was the sole surviving child of the Almoçadem by a Portuguese lady who had been carried off by a set of those pirates, who frequently plundered the neighbouring coasts, and brought to Morocco: as she was scarcely passed childhood, El Hader had succeeded in persuading her to change her religion, and to become his wife, upon the condition that he never would marry any others; this promise he had kept, living in harmony with her many years, until they were separated by death.

Though this lady was not a woman of much sense, she was accomplished, and constitutionally humane; her influence had softened the prejudices of the Almoçadem, so that he suffered her to educate her daughter after the European fashion, in all respects, save religion: Kara Aziek was therefore mistress of the Portuguese and Italian languages, and the literature of both countries; she was a Mahometan it is true; but her expanded and inquiring mind, her pure, beneficent spirit, etherialized the grossness of her creed, and made her almost a Christian, *in action*.

After her mother's death, Aziek became sole arbiter of her father's decrees; at her request he granted such indulgencies to his slaves as no other slaves throughout Barbary ever enjoyed, but unhappily these indulgencies had never been faithfully administered:—Kara Aziek was too young and inexperienced to conceive the possibility of her father's benevolent com-

mands being disobeyed, or rather not obeyed with eagerness; she therefore believed the Christians to be well fed, moderately worked, humanely treated; when in reality most of their task-masters appropriated the liberal allowances to themselves; sold their surplus of labour; and in fact tyrannized over both their bodies and their souls.

The freedom of a captive she had never obtained. El Hader thought it argued well for his piety that neither money nor persuasions could induce him to liberate an enemy of his prophet; on this point he was inflexible; and Sebastian, on hearing it, scarcely knew how to hope any thing for himself:—but hope is a sturdy plant that will grow on the most rocky soil; it is destined for the aliment of man's spiritual part, and without it he could not exist.

Encouraged by the gentleness of Aziek's character, Sebastian believed that she might

be easily induced to pity, and finally to assist him—perhaps her intreaties might not always be unsuccessful:—Fraught with these ideas he heard of her return with the *Almoçadem*.

The day after their arrival he was sent for by El Hader:—"Young man!" said he in Moorish, "come hither, I want to ask you if you are now willing to accept the distinguished post I had destined for you, that of attending on my person wherever I go, even into the presence of the illustrious Xeriff himself? I hear you have been a perfect whirlwind amongst my people, and that you will do nothing but what you please; is this true?"

"I have not been used to obey:" replied Sebastian, proudly, "but I believe my incessant labours will shew that I am not ungrateful for kindness. These limbs are young and strong, and capable of much fatigue; but some of my unfortunate companions are sick, and old, and oppressed, and for them I have struggled."

“Aye, so it seems;” answered El Hader, with a gracious nod, “my daughter tells me that your rash attack upon my servant, Ben Tarab, was to be applauded; to that I do not assent, for you should respect the servants of the great El Hader as his delegates: however, we will pass that over, in consideration of your youth and folly, and natural wish to defend a countryman.—I have pardoned both you, and that still more rebellious slave Gaspar, at my daughter’s intreaty: see that you behave better in future; if either of you attempt a second escape, or brave a domestic of mine a second time, not even the tears of my well-beloved Kara Aziek shall save you from destruction.—But tell me, are you inclined to accept the high distinction of waiting on my person?”

The proud and fiery King of Portugal started at this question; he surveyed the infidel from head to foot with a look of insufferable disdain, and then burst into a

scornful laugh:—his laugh had something terrible in it, independent of the consuming fire of his eyes; El Hader nimbly started up from the cushions on which he was lolling, and retreated through an adjacent door:—Sebastian did not wait for his re-appearance, but immediately withdrew.

The degrading mark of favor offered by one whom he esteemed only a few degrees above some harmless brute animal, had stung the feelings of Sebastian almost to madness; he traversed the gardens with a swelling heart, but a glimpse of Kara Aziek changed the indignant throb into a thrill of pleasure:—he saw her at a little distance walking with some other Moorish ladies. Crossing his hands over his breast, he stopt and bowed his head; she recognized him through her veil, and graciously returned the salutation; her visitors half uncovered their faces to look at the Christian about whom they had been

conversing, but Aziek moved away, and Sebastian dared not remain.

After that day he constantly beheld her in the gardens; sometimes only at a distance, reading or playing on her guitar. No opportunity had yet occurred of addressing her in private; for when she went with him over the quarter assigned to the culture of Portuguese shrubs, to learn their names and qualities, she was surrounded by her maids, and he was followed by Hafiz. But obstacles only stimulated the King's impatience; other circumstances tended to counteract them. For some time he had every night found in his chamber the most exquisite confections, bread, and sherbet: (presents, evidently the product of female hands,) he shared them with Gaspar, not doubting the benevolent giver was she who had already been so generous.

The only return he could make, was daily offerings of flowers formed into

garlands or arranged in bouquets, for the head and bosom of Kara Aziek; these were presented to her by Hafiz, who reluctantly acknowledged that they came from his slave Fabian: Aziek would smile, accept them, inhale their scent awhile, admire their arrangement, and then place them among her beautiful hair instead of more costly ornaments.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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